

R. CRY, Official Gazette of
Canadian Army, published by
M. C. Horn, S. A. Printing
12 Albert Street, Toronto.

"Purswell, Mother, I'm 'Going to be an Officer in the Army."

Our holiness Column

THE SPIRIT OF PRAYER.

THERE are no errors so fatal as those pertaining to the spirit, and there are no spiritual errors so disastrous as those concerning the nature of prayer and faith. Strike off the leaves and blossoms of a tree and they may grow again; but strike at the root and the whole will utterly fail.

The building can be no stronger than its foundation. It teeters not how well it is built; if the basis is unsuitable the whole must inevitably fall.

The true foundation of prevailing prayer has been laid by God Himself; other than this will prove but shifting soil when the storm of God's judgment is sweeping round the earth. Then was to that house when the walls are wood, hay, and stubble; suddenly shall it fall, burying its inhabitants in shame and confusion. This foundation is the Holy Ghost.

"For we know not how to pray as we ought, but the Spirit Himself maketh intercession for us with groanings which cannot be uttered."—Rom. viii, 26 (R.V.).

No prayer can be an odor of sweet smell to God unless it has first been mingled with

The Sweet Incense of His Spirit;

and no prayer can endure unto the Great Day of Account unless it is mingled with the Divine Union. If your building is to be immortal it must be built on the immortal Spirit. If you desire that at the last day your life may be found "hid with Christ in God," you must first see that the Holy Ghost is hidden in your life, for nothing can be hidden in God which has not been inspired by God, and nothing can find its way to God which came not out from God.

Perhaps you believe that man cannot pray without the Holy Ghost; but it is equally true that

Man Cannot Have the Holy Ghost Without Prayer.

The stream which flows from the Throne of God is inexhaustible while you continually draw from it; but neglect it, and it will quickly fail you. God gives grace for grace. It is the grace of man to strive to be like God; it is the grace of God to give him the power. Man can increase in the fulness of the Holy Spirit only as he increases in the fulness of his own spirit. If you draw near to God in the full measure of your spirit, He will draw near to you with a greater measure of His Spirit. This is the great door of destiny is hung. Bow to the flesh, and you shut the door against the Spirit;

Deny the Flesh, and You Open the Door to the Spirit.

and to God. Indulge the flesh, and the walls of carnal desires will contract upon the Spirit and smother it; cruelty the flesh, and the Spirit will immediately leap forth and cry out for God.

"The flesh denied is Spirit gain, The crucified shall life obtain; They lose it who to save it seek, but he that gives his life doth keep."

"The only part of man's nature which can make him rich toward God is his spirit."

"It is the spirit that quickeneth; the flesh profiteth nothing."

God is not the parent of our flesh, but the Father of our spirits.

"The true worshippers shall worship the Father in spirit and truth, for such doth the Father seek to be His worshippers."

—John iv, 23 (R.V.).

The spirit of man has been termed "the capacity for God," because it is the only soil in which the Holy Spirit can operate. It has been likened unto the earth into which God cast that seed which alone brings forth holiness and righteousness of life. In one instance the seed was denied development because the spiritual earth was choked up with stones of "fleshly habits." In another the rank weed of "earthly desire" was allowed to spring up with the wheat of "holy desire," but the weed, being of more rapid growth, quickly supplanted the wheat.

It has been said that we are on the eve of one of the greatest revivals that have ever been experienced. If this is so it must be because we are on the eve of learning that

Man is not Only Flesh and Blood, but that He is a Spirit.

and that as a spirit, it is his first and greatest duty to develop his spiritual nature, or he will never offer that fervent and effectual prayer which avails much.

It is a solemn truth, and one well worthy of our most prayerful consideration, that the only limitation that can be possible to the Holy Spirit is that of the Heaven-born medium—the spirit of

man. As the Spirit of God breathed into man, so the Spirit of man must breathe into God. He is not a spirit, but a body, and as a body he must be developed. He is not a spirit, but a body, and as a body he must be developed. He is not a spirit, but a body, and as a body he must be developed.

When can we begin this work of enlargement? Not until the bias of evil has been utterly destroyed.

There Must be no Quarter for Sin.

Both Amulek himself and all that he has must be slain. The least compromise with sin will be as a breach in the wall through which the enemy will again find an entrance.

There are no twilights in the Kingdom of God. If you are an inhabitant of this Kingdom you are in the light; if you are not in the light, you are surely not in the Kingdom where "their sun shall no more go down, neither shall their moon withdraw itself for ever." Let it be settled for all time that no such experience as walking in the light can be possible while the black veil of sinful indulgence is spreading itself like a funeral pall over the vision of the soul.

If thou wouldst escape the condemnation received by those blind leaders who snared their disciples into the pits of their own folly, thou must

Wash the Mud of Earthly Desire from Thy Spiritual Eyes

In the pool which is called "Repent."

Who were vile as sin could make them; for those they held a special Sunday morning prayer meeting to plead for their salvation. In addition to this

James Dowdle

Commissioner.

A Biography.

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FRESH impetus was now given to the work by the opening of another hall—the most neglected part of the town. Gamblers, fighters, blasphemers, and sinners of the deepest dye were turned right-about-face, and, in their turn, became saviours of men.

Notable amongst such was the son of a railway contractor at Tottenham. He had come from London on a drunken spree, and after spending the days drinking, sought and found deliverance at the Army penitent form. After his conversion he decided to settle in Middlebrough, and accordingly sent for his wife. Then he, with several other comrades, made a list of the

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The Brilliant Finale of the General's Record-Breaking Tour.

NEW YORK IS SHAKEN BY HIS MAGNIFICENT AND SOUL-STIRRING GATHERINGS.

Meetings on a Wave of Loving Enthusiasm and Holy Fervor—A Harvest of Souls.



CARNEGIE MUSIC HALL is an old-time camping ground of the Salvation Army's. The grandly successful meeting which occurred here was accepted by one and all as a good omen of the whole campaign, and, as it afterwards turned out, quite wisely so. It gave the General a good start, and a good start, it has often been remarked, is frequently as good as half the battle fought and half the victory won.

The General was in excellent spirits as he received and responded to the vociferous welcome accorded him by the assembled staff and employees at National Headquarters at the termination of his Buffalo visit on Monday last. On the morning of the following day the General addressed the pastors of Greater New York in the chapel of Union Theological Seminary, the Rev. Charles Cutbush Hall, D. D., president of the Seminary, in the chair. It is not wide of the mark to say that the clergy here assembled formed one of the most attentive and responsive audiences the General has met upon the entire tour. It was a case of

"Wholesale Capture"

But to return to the Carnegie. As the hour of 8 p.m. drew near it was plainly a case of how long the audience—particularly the platform—could restrain itself. It was with a feeling of positive relief on the part of those responsible that the General, attended by the Commander and Consul and Staff, made his way on the platform. The explosion of feeling which followed could not be controlled. The platform was a sight of sights! Officers and bandmen had to squeeze themselves into all kinds of uncomfortable postures in order to obtain sitting accommodation. Red and white. Red comrades of both sexes formed a liberal sprinkling of the packed mass. White—aprons! Salvation nurses formed a picturesque group in one corner. C. D. O's from everywhere in the country were present, while a patch of bright vermillion and a broad expanse of umbrellas betokened the presence of the inevitable Joe the Turk.

As the Commander asked the question in the song, "Will you not exult with me and a gallant soldier be?" a voice from one of the galleries thundered out, "Sure!" More applause followed, for the sentiment was a universal one. Silence was at last obtained by the announcement of prayer by the Consul.

The Commander, in his introductory address, said, "If New York comes last it is by no means least. The campaign now drawing to a close has linked our hearts to yours, General, as never before. Your trip has been a magnificent panorama of successful events from the time the President so graciously received you at the White House to the time of your standing on this platform. Of the strain of 117 meetings you have conducted in our midst we are not unmindful, nor of the 165,000 people you have faced in the largest and most splendid buildings which could be presented for your gatherings, nor of the 9,400 miles you have travelled in the prosecution of this tour. In the sixty-ninth year of your life you have gone without a single day of rest in our midst. From the bottom of our hearts, General,

We Thank You for It.

We have come near to breaking one of the commandments in envying Boston this privilege of celebrating your sixty-ninth birthday. Never mind! We will re-celebrate it here.

"We thank God for the 1,200 souls who have fallen at the Mercy Seat during your tour. We love to know that we are not alone in this. We want you to know that our Salvationist hearts have been linked to yours as never before. God bless you, General."

The meeting was then handed over to the chairman of the evening, Bishop Andrews, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, for whom a greeting was asked by the Commander, and heartily given.

The Bishop remarked, humorously: "There was one that comes after the king." The reverend gentleman then launched forth into a lengthy and interesting summary of the General's life, which was frequently applauded. Everyone rose to their feet, waved flags, song-sheets and bandannas, halloved, cheered, bawled, whistled, and howled, whilst those who were fortunate enough to possess brass instruments only saved their throats and lungs at the expense of the ear-drums of the audience when the General rose to his subject. He simply poured out his soul upon the audience, backing home his conclusions with an abundance of apt, catchy illustrations from actual life which could not fail of their mark.

"Which way is it coming?" "Which way is he coming?" This question in its two forms was repeated over and over by the constantly increasing crowd in Union Square on Saturday afternoon before the arrival of the Army's March Past.

The General took his position at the front of the stand at Union Square, while around him a coral line of cavalry representatives of the Salvation Army. The infantry came on in good order behind.

Several of the Chief Divisional Officers were on horseback, but others were in the ranks, leading on the other officers and the soldiers. As these Salvationists approached the grand stand, they waved their caps and saluted the General; he, in turn, sent back a greeting of appreciation. There was a great waving of flags and a great playing of music, but above it all soon rose distinctly the voices which signified the approach of one of the most touching features of the march. The first float was one filled with Junior Soldiers, whose

Childish Voices Called Out, "God Bless the General!"

even before they reached the place where he stood.

More officers on foot followed. After that came a band of children called the "Salvage Corps," a living picture of the way in which some branches of the Social department seek to uplift those who are lowest down who are willing to work. On this float were Salvationists most busily employed in showing their men the mysteries of paper-sorting. While the mysterious paper-sorting was displayed the encouraging sign, "Waste of the Home. Giving Work to the Unemployed."

The German contingent showed up well. After these came the float of the Knights of Hope, showing our Prison Bridges at work dealing with the men in their cells, and in this way preparing them for the branch represented by the previous float.

The Slum Nursing work was represented by the last float, on which a trained nurse was seen bandaging a wounded arm, and apparently doing it very well, in spite of the awkward shaking produced by the movement of the wagon over the cobblestones. Or closer the central point of the whole open-air encampment was the address of the General to his troops and friends. It was short but pointed: "My comrades, I have come out to see you. As I look at your faces I feel that I have"

Good Reason to be Proud of You,

as soldiers and warriors. You are enlisted in a holy war, pledged to fight against sin and the world and all the devil's; pledged to fight for the emancipation of your fellow-men. Fight on! May you be a power of blessing, not only to America but to the whole world. God bless America! God bless the whole world! And God bless everybody who is trying to do good!"

Commander Booth then remained to carry on the second part of the review; that is, the open-air meeting. There were some especially interesting sights to this meeting. One was the care and courtesy of the police department. The march, as it start-

ed from the junction of Forty-seventh Street and Seventh Avenue, was preceded by a force of twelve men from the street-cleaning department. Each man was provided with a new, spotless white bag for the collection of refuse, and the little group was accompanied by a light cart into which the bags were emptied along the route. Surely this is a most encouraging sign when even the city police make arrangements to prepare the way for the feet of the saints!

Sunday dawned in a tearful mood, as if realizing that it was to be the last Sabbath of our brave old leader's presence in America. Nevertheless, as if to hearten us with the reminder that, please God, we shall have him with us again, on a happy day to come, the sun beamed occasionally through the canopied clouds, and for a couple of hours of mild-morning held back the showers.

When the General stepped forward, it was with almost a breezy alertness. For an hour he enlarged upon a brief text as few men could have done from an entire chapter.

Quietly, gently, with a very pathetic, subdued personality, our great-hearted old hero began to direct the attention of men and women to their souls. Here and there was heard a quick sigh, a smothered sob, a painful movement.

Only a few moments and then a man came forward. Hallelujah! A woman quickly followed. Another. A third. Two men. A fourth woman. The great voice of God swelled impetuously over the audience, moment by moment the number increased until at the close of the meeting twenty-four men and women were on their feet, of that blessedness of which the General spoke.

It was then that Commissioner Nicol, unmindful of propriety and altogether

Reckless of the Dignity of a Tribune,

calling upon the audience to testify their satisfaction by jumping, himself performed the hallelujah salutory in presence of an astonished people.

The sun, out but an hour, promptly withdrew, and three hours later there came a tremendous thunderstorm. The rattle and roar of the storm had died off into the usual quail silence of a city Sunday, by 3 o'clock.

Happily, the first two or three hours of the afternoon were sufficiently quiet to encourage a large number of people to make the venture. The Academy of Music is a huge auditorium, huge enough to accommodate a great many hundreds of people, yet the floor, even to the walls of the foyer, the family circle and the proscenium boxes were thoroughly filled when the Commander gave out the opening song.

When the General sprang forward—for he never merely steps forward; there is alertness and youthful eagerness always in the movement—the audience seemed for a time unwilling that he should enter upon his address, but it was with a cordial and most kindly willingness.

A summary of one of the General's addresses is always impossible for two reasons; first, because it cannot in itself be summarized; and again, because one always gets so enthralled with the speaker that one forgets altogether the necessity of taking notes.

In this instance the General delivered himself so searchingly personal and intimate a warning against disobedience to God that many a soul there present trembled before him. Never during the series of meetings has the General been more powerful, more appalling, more tender, more convincing. As he spoke, the great dun-colored clouds outside rolled up from the South and a furious, sharp,

Thunder-Storm Burst Over the City.

The rain beat with tremendous impetus upon the great hollow roof of the theatre, and the thunder roared and reverberated with majestic mutterings, but it is doubtful if the great majority

of the audience heard or noticed the storm at all.

Amid a silence so dramatic, so intense that the drip of water from the eaves of the building could be heard by those at the side of the great hall, while the comrades were lifting their hearts to God in mute supplication a music-hall man, far back in the centre of the orchestra, arose and walked deliberately down the long aisle to the exterminated penitent form.

Within a surprisingly few minutes flahers, both men and women, comrades alike of staff, field and ranks, had spread themselves over the great room, and it was but a short time before a "Hallelujah!" here and there told of a conquest won and another hesitating soul encouraged to seek freedom.

It was close upon 5:30 when at length Colonel Lawley pronounced the dinitory benediction. Jesus Christ was triumphant. Twenty-one souls had found release from sin.

"As it was in the days of Noah," so it was at night. The windows of heaven were open. In truth, they had been left open, and the rains had come down upon the earth all day.

Again the Academy of Music was to be the centre of Salvation action, with the General leading. Again, at an hour far in advance of the time appointed that the doors were to open for the creatures of earth to pass into safety from the elements, the crowd began to surge about the front entrance, beneath the sheltering porch of the opera house.

By 8 o'clock the floor and first gallery were well filled; a fact, considering the disagreeableness of the weather, that ought to have surprised everybody lacking faith. There was no question but that pretty much everybody felt the dampening effects of the rain. Most of them were evidently wet or somewhat uncomfortable, and this at first promised anything but enthusiasm for the meeting to come.

However, some spirit came into things with the arrival of the General; people forgot the rain at the sight of him; they cheered and warmed up. His march throughout was thrilling; at times thrilling in tenderness and compassion, and then again thrilling like the gleam of a sword, as he divided the truth and cut right and left. Not only was he master of his text throughout his discourse, but he was also master of the hearts of his listeners. He carried their judgment and sympathy with him.

We Turned Their Eyes Against Themselves.

Deep conviction prevailed and the strictest attention was given throughout.

As it neared the end there was such an immovable silence in the congregation that the people looked like so much stubble in a field after the reaper has passed and gathered the grain.

Shortly after nine o'clock a penitent form was rigged on the stage and the prayer meeting commenced.

At the close of the battle for souls it was found that forty-three craft had changed their sailing colors. Instead of flying the red flag of rebellion against God, these all first hauled up the white flag of truce and then made a total surrender.

The fourth battle for souls in New York City, in connection with the General's visit, began vigorously on Monday morning, in Memorial Hall.

As the General took up his position on the platform he was greeted by a mighty shout of joy from the large audience, which was greatly intensified by the terrific blare of brass and crash of drums.

Our beloved General, through whom we have received so much inspiration and blessing during the past week, stepped to the front and expressed his delight at the gratifying spiritual results of yesterday. "It was a good day," he said, "and we ought to be glad." "Amen!" responded the audience. He was very much encouraged, and believed for similar victories to day.

WAR MEMORIES.

By MAJOR WILLIAM BAUGH.

I HAVE no doubt that many persons have regarded the Salvation Army as unneeded intruders, and Commissioner Railton's "Heathen England" as an overdrawn book of fiction, but they are those who do not know the real state of things, and who won't go to the trouble to find out if they are true.

At my first corps, amongst others who got saved, was a working man. He got saved one night in his working clothes, then he brought his wife and she got saved too. Then some of the older end of the family came. No doubt the change in the father was the means used of God to arouse the wife and children. Whatever it was, they came and got saved. One night the husband called on me and said he wanted me to come to tea on a certain day, he had said nothing important, I wanted me to do for him, so I promised I would go. When I got there I found he had got a half day off from work, he washed and with all the family was dressed in Sunday best. When I had been in a minute or two he said, "Captain, we have all been heathens all our lives, but now we are saved, I want you to do us to dedicate me, wife and all the children to God."

It was a new experience, yet I did it. I read a chapter, got them all kneeling round the room, prayed with them, then dedicated them all to God, the Father, Son and Holy Ghost. Then we had our tea. It was one of the blessed days that a field officer often looks back with joy upon, and praises God for the glorious opportunity given him in the Salvation Army of helping bring the world to Jesus.

That man, as far as I can learn, has been for some years now the treasurer of the corps, and is respected by all who know him as a faithful, reliable Christian. He, his wife and family have proved that it is salvation that can give sweetest pleasure while they live, and are going on to prove that it is salvation must supply solid comfort when they die. Perhaps the reader of this narrative would be justified if called a heathen, but anyhow don't forget that to know the Master's will, and do it, means to be beaten with many stripes.

Hustle the Paper War.

SINCE Kitty Courage undertook the Hustlers' Column in the Young Soldier there has been an encouraging addition to the number of names of Young Soldier sellers. We want to develop the war spirit in our Junior Soldiers, and invite the Staff and Field Officers to push this particular phase of the war and encourage the children to go on and do exploits for God. We particularly desire the corps commanders to see that that names of all hustlers are sent us.

It was marvellous to behold our dear General in our midst.

As Fiery and as Moquent as a River.

after his exhaustive campaign of yesterday, and hundreds of blood-washed hearts expressed their gratitude to God for such a leader by firing a tremendous volley before he began his address. The Commander promptly opened with the song, "On the Cross," but at the second verse the General relieved him and lined it out himself, and then urged the audience to sing as they were expected to sing at the Metropolitan Opera House on the next night. It seemed as if the General was more vigorous than in any of his preceding meetings here, and took hold of things from the outset. As he opened up with his discourse, the audience became so hushed and still in their intense interest that their forms and faces looked as if they were painted on a wall or canvas.

"Examine yourself this very Monday morning," said the General. "Were you ever converted, or are you a make-believe? Conversion is a thing that doesn't take place when a man is asleep. Oh, that some people would give up their professions! What are wanted in New York are men and women who have been washed in the Blood and who will testify to the fact."

The General threw his whole energy into the subject, and tears and sobs were plentiful before he finished his final appeal to those who needed deliverance to come to Him who is able to save His people from their sins.

It required scarcely a word of urging for the first one, a man, rushed down from the gallery before the first chorus had been sung once through.

"Here's the twelfth, someone soon shouts. Then an officer says, 'Do you see that man the Major is dealing with?' pointing to a form at the Mercy Seat.

"Yes,"

"He has been

A Morphine Fiend for Seven Years.

He showed me his arm; it is covered with scars; but he is desperate for salvation, and I believe for him."

We cannot attempt to describe the glorious scene of the wind-up under the management of Commissioner Nicol. Twenty-eight had been registered before the meeting adjourned, and the hall had become a gate of heaven to our souls.

Monday afternoon's meeting was another triumph. The body of the hall was filled, and here they come till row after row in the capacious balcony is taken.

"The General is a great example to us all in the straight truth he gives to all classes who make up his audiences," I hear two staff officers saying to each other.

The General's voice is still the marvel and his unfailing strength an example of divine healing in its highest form.

The Possibilities of Faith

is the General's theme and his heart is becoming fired as he proceeds with his subject. He seems to realize that this is his last opportunity to deal with an afternoon audience in New York, and he is crowding in not only the main truth, but the side truths as well.

After the score who knelt at the penitential form had been faithfully dealt with, amid scenes of indescribable joy and enthusiasm, the meeting came to a conclusion with prayer.

Memorial Hall, in the National Headquarters, on Monday night witnessed the last salvation meeting of the General.

"From my weary heart the burden rolled away" was rolling away when the thirty-first penitent appeared. Later more penitents came, until the figures reached thirty-seven, and then the meeting was brought to a close in a novel and enthusiastic manner.

Dr. Cortland Myer's spacious church was well filled with a Scandinavian-German-American congregation for the General's meeting with our Scandinavian comrades—a happy trinity, as the General humorously remarked. "The General's address was able, translated, sentence for sentence, by Brigadier Toff, a task that proved very difficult, seeing it was impossible for the English understanding to restrain their enthusiasm at the General's hits, and the translations were therefore often drowned in bursts of applause."

The spirit of the meeting rose and rose until the white-hot point was reached in the prayer meeting. It was

One of Dancing

—in heaven and on earth. We venture to say that the church has seldom, if ever, witnessed such a sight. Here prayed a Dane, and a Swede, and a Finnish, the Swedes and Norwegians forgot their national differences, joined hands and hearts and danced for glories, while one after another came forward,

till the names registered had reached the glorious total of twenty-one.

A vast deal of importance in connection with the General's New York campaign centred in the officers' and soldiers' councils. Too much could not be said or written about them were the subjects discussed of a nature to directly concern the reading public. It was a treat of treats to sit in three daily sessions during the major portion of a week with ears, brains and hearts open to their full capacity to absorb the counsel and instruction of a veteran whose life and actions said "Amen" to every sentence uttered. God bless the General! A wholesale quickening cannot but be the grand result. New measures of attack were brought on the boards, and new light shed on the handling of old measures. Commissioner Nicol, who is in constant touch with the General, and the councils he holds in different parts of the world, gives it as his opinion that the American troops, in their display of an intelligent desire to understand and carry out the General's desires for the salvation of the world, are among the best he has met.

GAZETTE.

APPOINTMENTS.
Ensign Nellie Griffiths, of the Financial Department, to the General Secretary's Department, Territorial Headquarters.

Captain Richard Griffiths, of the General Secretary's Department, to the Trade Department, Territorial Headquarters.

Lieutenant Lemon, of the Trade Department, to the Financial Department, Territorial Headquarters.

EVANGELINE C. BOOTH,
Field Commissioner.

WAR CRY

AMERICA AND SPAIN.

UNDER the above heading the Editorial column of the British War Cry thus speaks:—"The sympathy of this country is almost entirely with the States in this matter. The long-drawn-out agony of Cuba, the monstrous and fiendish proceedings of the Spanish troops, and the total failure of Spain to establish any government on the island but the government of a slaughter-house, fills us with horror, and makes us, who love God, long for the deliverance of the suffering people. And yet we hate war. It is so often a remedy worse than the disease. While, therefore, there is a chance of peace, let us cry mightily to God to deliver Cuba without this horrid alternative of organized murder by land and sea, with all its dreadful consequences of distress and hatred of the future."

"But what a lesson the success of the Cuban Rebels affords in the possibilities of reckless and daring fighting! Against all the armies and riches of the Spanish Empire, this handful of men have waged a ceaseless conflict, until they have not only secured the sympathy of the American people, but the attention, and, in a certain way, the help of the whole world for their little island. 'Let us be free, or die!' they say, and though they are far off, in the most unhealthy region on earth—poor, and hated, and tortured, and starved—it looks as though they are certain to win. Oh, for desperation and dying love of the same sort in the Battle for Souls, in the great rebellion against sin, and lust, and hell, and law, and selfishness! 'God help us!'"

There is a most real and increasing union of hearts amongst us. We suffer and rejoice together. Those in deep sorrow realize how real is the comradeship of the Army. Pandemonium Liddle writes the Editor: "Dear Sir, would you kindly thank our dear Commissioner, officers and comrades, for their kind and sympathetic letters and telegrams of condolence, on my dear wife's death. I am very grateful to the Staff Band for their kindness in attending the funeral, and to my dear comrades of the Riverside corps. And I wish to express my gratitude to them through the columns of the War Cry. By so doing you will extremely oblige yours in Jesus—Jas. Liddle."

WHAT SHALL I DO WITH MY LIFE?

The General's Life a Demonstration of What Life is Best to Live.

By THE EDITOR.



HAT SHALL I DO WITH MY LIFE?

To every young man, who, in the opening days of early manhood looks forth with anything of hope towards the future, such a question as the foregoing is almost sure to arise.

Perhaps to some it will come with stronger emphasis than ever before on the last Sunday, when the ALTAR FOR LIVES is erected and young men are invited to lay themselves on that Altar, for life service.

In the hope that some may be by then helped to a right decision, these lines are sent forth. May God make them effective for good.

We make bold to state that there is a life—a life well-known to the world—the very fullest and most satisfactory— which demonstrates what really is THE VERY BEST WAY FOR ANY YOUNG MAN TO SPEND HIS LIFE.

We admit that it is a very great thing to say to the thousands of young men up and down this continent—many of whom have made their plans and are engineering their path to the heights of success—"We can show you THE way to spend your life to the greatest advantage, and in the most permanently satisfactory way," nevertheless, we are so sure of our ground—so certain of the certainty of the things we affirm, that we invite our readers to consider what we say, and if our premises be correct, then act according to their best judgment in this all-important matter.

The life we refer to is that of William Booth, the General of the Salvation Army. Fifty-three years ago he started out to seek the salvation of men. The desire for the salvation of men became the all-absorbing passion of his life and he has shaped his course consistently with that purpose till the present day when we celebrate the sixty-ninth birthday of his truly blessed and blessing life.

Speaking of the beginning of his public career—the time of his conversion to God, at the age of fifteen, when he made the decision to live on that pattern, he says, "I felt that I ought not only to cease doing the things that were displeasing to God, and to embrace with gratitude all the beauty and blessedness which He offered to bring into my own heart and life, but that I ought to devote myself, with all my powers, and with all my might, to that course of action which would be most likely to advance His honor and carry out His wishes on earth."

"The scale of the matter," included the giving up of myself to advance to the uttermost of my ability the highest interests of my fellow-men."

Here we see the foundation principles of this remarkable life.—1. Abstinence from wrong doing. 2. A state of yieldedness of heart to God. 3. A whole-hearted consecration to seeking the highest interests of men. This latter, it may be mentioned, is an almost certain result of a sincere carrying out of the first and second.

Further on in the same article from which we have quoted, the General tells how the Poverty and Social Miseries of the People oppressed him; he tells how the sight of them wallowing in drunkenness and debauchery stirred his soul, and how he saw that much of the people's misery was increased and perpetuated under the unjust laws beneath which they were burdened, till he even despaired of helping them in this world and said, "If we cannot save them for time, we will save them for eternity." Later on, however, he found that the miseries from which he sought to save men in the next world were substantially the same as those from which he found them suffering in this, and that they proceeded from the same cause—that is, from man's alienation from, and rebellion against, God, and from his own disordered dispositions and appetites.

He says, "I saw that these made his outward hell—the hell of poverty, drunkenness, debauchery, crime, slavery, war, and every other form of outward misery."

I perceived, also, that these things produced the inward hell of ungoverned lust, passion, jealousy, envy, pride and

guilt and the fear of death and judgment, and that from them would spring all the deeper hells in the coming world which would have added to them the wrath of God, the loss of hope, and companionship of fiends.

"But with this discovery, there also came another, which has been growing and growing, in clearness and intensity from that hour to this, which was that I had two Gospels of deliverance to preach—one for each world, or rather, one Gospel which applied alike to both. I saw that when the Bible said, 'He that believeth shall be saved,' it meant not only saved from the miseries of the future world, but from the miseries of this also. That it came with the promise of salvation here and now, from hell, and sin, and vice, and crime, and idleness, and extravagance, and consequently very largely from poverty, and disease, and the majority of kindred woes."

"Now," I shouted, "I have found a remedy indeed! I saw that this was the work that Jesus Christ came to accomplish—that He was manifested to dispose of these fiends of evil from among men, and to inaugurate the works of the devil in the present time, and to set up in the soul the kingdom of heaven instead."

I said to myself, and I have been saying to others ever since, 'Christ is the Deliverer for time as truly as for eternity.' He is the Joshua who leads men in our own day out of the wilderness into the Promised Land, as His forerunner did the Children of Israel thousands of years ago. He is the Messiah who brings glad tidings, as it is come to open the prison doors. He is come to set men free from their bonds. He is indeed the Saviour of the world. Men can have liberty, gladness, here and now, through Him, and I WILL CONSECRATE MY LIFE TO PERSUADE THEM TO APPLY TO HIM FOR THIS DELIVERANCE THAT HE CAME TO BRING."

Here we have, direct from the General himself, the real inside working of his mind. As to the results we need not speak—the world knows them, admits their blessed reality, and from an attitude of cold criticism and contempt, and in many cases downright opposition, has veered completely round to an attitude of universal appreciation and approbation thereof.

We affirm that a life lived on any other principles or directed to any lesser aim could not have been so profitable to the world, nor to the world itself. Had the General made it his first business to get oppressive laws repealed, or had he sought to make money to help the poverty-stricken, or that he tried to alleviate men's points of body by becoming a skillful physician, will anyone for a moment venture to say that he could have done so much good as he did by the way of the poor? Their sorrows—their rebellion against God?

The world has given its verdict over and over again. It will quote from one of the thousands of columns of highest eulogy in the Press of this and other countries, just a few extracts from a lengthy article by a writer in the Halifax Evening Mail, of April 23rd, '98. This writer says:

"If we could once learn to appreciate the true ideal of life, and to comprehend what was highest and best in human endeavor and human achievement, we should have little difficulty in placing General Booth on a high pedestal among the world's heroes."

He then compares the General to three of the greatest nobilities of our generation—viz. Emperor William II, President McKinley and Jay Gould, summing up thus:

"And when history comes to sum up their achievements it will simply be that one took his place as the son of his father at the head of a nation, developed the warlike spirit, and increased the military prestige of the empire—perhaps he may have the glory of a great war in which many thousands of human beings will have been slain and many homes made desolate. Not much that contributes to the permanent well-being of the race will be found in his life."

"President McKinley will be recalled in history as a man who by dint of his abilities and clever political management secured the highest office in the gift of his country, and left his country after he had held that office for a period of time about the same as he found it."

"Jay Gould will be placed in history as a man who by clever dealings and unscrupulous methods managed to

wring millions of dollars out of the pockets of multitudes of people to make himself one of the richest and most powerful plutocrats in the

"When General Booth has passed his name will be recorded in the annals of the world with the loftiest position with an influence extending to a whole wide world, whose superlative was to awaken poor, degraded, and to a sense of their immortality to find names for suffering men to cause the name of God to be spoken in the slums and the humanity to be more widely recognized as the greatest aim of human effort."

"The name of General Booth remembered with respect and affection when those who are now erasings and potentates, arrayed in the pomp of power, will be forgotten, mentioned only as casual actors in the most commonplace drama of action."

.....

This is not written to eulogize beloved General. He needs no that. It is written, as was mentioned at the commencement, in that it will help young men to right, practical and decisive action.

.....

Some who read this may say, 'am, not a William Booth.' We as truly reply, 'You do not know you are.' The acorn is an embryo. Small and insignificant the acorn is, it only needs the environment to become a forest arch. What we do say is, that devoted to living out the principles which the life of our great General so consistent an exposition, is MOST PROFITABLE, for the eternity, and whether your talent one or one hundred, your higher ones will, we firmly believe, be in your adoption of and adherence to these very same principles.

.....

THE ALTAR FOR LIVES is a

We want men for just the same of life the General has lived.

.....

"The General himself has been marked out how he would like to spend his birthday celebrated—some huge testimonial for himself in an effort to secure the offer of one thousand lives to be lived same purpose as his own, namely, service of God and man."

.....

Will you be one?

Send your answer to Miss Salvation Army Headquarters, is.

.....

Territorial Headquarters So

Loyal Farewell to the General

.....

ON Wednesday, April 20th, the General sailed by the S. S. "Manila," from New York

Liverpool, England.

Just about the time the General's staff were steaming away from New York, Colonel Jacobs, in the presence of Miss Booth, called to the members of Headquarters Staff, prayer, and a number of earnest prayers were presented to the God mercies on behalf of the General those with him.

The following telegraphic messages the General was also read, and endorsed by all present:

"Territorial Headquarters Staff in praising God for unparalleled upon your Canadian-American journey, the glorious victories of we can never forget. We pray for ocean journey, and that you may be spared to prosecute the past yearning of your heart—the salvation of the world. Rely, beloved General, on us as one in heart and purpose for this glorious object undivided Flax—C. T. Jacobs, Chief tary."

.....

Our recent cartoon—"The Hand of the Government reaching in the Pacific Coast City of the Cry published in Europe the Ram's horn, has now been in the Northern Messenger, published by John Douglas & Son, of the W."

If this should meet the eye of Baker, who sent his Auxiliary Headquarters, will he please a most card to Albert St. Toronto, the Auxiliary Department of his abouts and his proper address, so his receipt and badge can be returned. Mr. Baker, where art thou?

PORT ARTHUR AND RAT PORTAGE

When a Reporter Gets Blessed

[illegible]

ould will be placed in history
7 who by clever designs and
lous methods managed to

If this should meet the eye of a Mr. Baker, who sent his Auxiliary fee to Headquarters, will he please send a post card to Albert St., Toronto, telling the Auxiliary Department of his whereabouts and his proper address, so that his receipt and badge can be sent. Will Mr. Baker, where art thou?

The General's 69th Birthday.

IMPORTANT CELEBRATION!

An Altar for Lives.

THE 16TH OF MAY TO BE A DAY OF CONSECRATION THROUGHOUT THE ARMY.

BY THE CHIEF OF THE STAFF.

On Sunday, the 10th of April—Easter Sunday—our beloved General was sixty-nine years of age. We resolved to make his Birthday a day of Consecration to the service of God and the Army. Around us on every hand are young men and women whose lives are needed to carry on the war, but who have not yet settled with God the question of their future. While the millions of the Heathen World, and the multitudes of scarcely less wicked men in what is called Christian lands, are living and dying in gross darkness and awful sin, they are at home, doing comparatively little for God or man.

An Altar for Lives

Now, the General's life is an object-lesson to every one of them which cannot be mistaken. We see what God has done for him. It is plain enough. He who runs may read. Out of his dedication of himself has come forth this great host of saved ones. In spite of hatred, and opposition, and bitterness, and poverty, and the fears of good men, and the curses of bad men, that one seed of a consecrated life has grown, and grown, and grown into this great tree of Salvation and Love which all the world can see. But his life was only one, and so God led others also to do what he did and give theirs. But still there are not enough. Officers are wanted. All sorts of officers. For all sorts of work. In all parts of the earth. For long lives or for short ones. To go or stay. To be the upper or the under—the first or the last. And so, on Sunday, the 16th of May, we celebrate the General's Birthday by setting up a Great Big Altar, not for money, not for sacrifices to take away sin, not for idols that are to be consumed, but an ALTAR FOR LIVES. On that day men and women are going to dedicate themselves to the same purposes as those to which the General long ago gave himself.

You, or Your Substitute.

NOW, GET READY. Oh, but, you say, I am too old, or too ill, or too useless, or too unbelieving. Very well, if that is so, then GO TO WORK TO GET SOMEONE ELSE READY. If you can't go to the war yourself you must find a substitute. Pray about it. Lay the case before God. Tell him now you are fixed. Ask Him to point out the person who is to go in your stead. Perhaps it will be YOUR SON OR YOUR DAUGHTER. Yes, that is very likely. Well, you must do what you can to get a decision, and send them along. Perhaps it will be a valuable servant—very well, God often accepts a servant for his master, if only the master's heart is right. But the war must have someone in your place.

A Settlement Wanted.

Many have not yet decided this question. I want an answer by May 16th. I want the matter settled. Is God going to have your life or not? Dare you go out and risk something? Will you love home, or ease, or money, or business more than the souls of men? or will you say, "No, Lord, You gave all for me, I will give all for Thee?"

Anyhow, we want it settled, and therefore I ask every young man and

woman who reads this to do two things—

1. Begin to pray to God to show you what He wants you to do. Ask Him. You say you want to do His will. Very good, then cry to Him to show you what that is. Pray. Seek. Listen to the Voice. Watch for the sign. Look out for the guide-post pointing you on. HE WILL MAKE IT ALL PLAIN.

2. Think about sinners. Every day from now till May 16th, take a little time to think about sinners. Their sin. The awful life they are living. The evil they do. The good they might do. The misery they bring. The death they will have to die. The Judgment Throne. The Books. The Judge. The Doom. Think about it all. Look around you at the agony sin makes in this world, and then try and realize WHAT IT WILL BE IN THE NEXT! Think, I say, THINK of sinners and their sins.

Oh, for a Life!

The Army needs men and women. It wants many things, but, OH, IT WANTS LIVES more than all the rest.

What are you doing with YOURS? Let every Officer and Sergeant, and, for that matter, every Soldier, interest himself or herself in every one who ought to go. When a Nation is in peril on account of a foreign invader, and the Government has called up, to serve with the Colors, all the able-bodied men, we know how the man who will not go is regarded by the rest. "Ah," they say, "he loves himself more than the fatherland. He loves home more than country." All his friends urge him to go; even his poor mother will tell him she is sorry he bears her name unless he goes to face the foe!

Even so let us urge on those around us whom God is calling that they ought to go.

IF ANYBODY HAS DIFFICULTIES WHICH SEEM INSURMOUNTABLE, OR WANTS ADVICE, OR IS IN DOUBT AND NEEDS TO BE HELPED, WRITE TO MISS BOOTH, SALVATION ARMY HEADQUARTERS, TORONTO, AND SHE WILL SEE THAT YOU GET GOOD ADVICE.

But do, oh do, settle something! The world is waiting for you, and so is God, and so is Heaven—yes, and so is Hell. Don't go on as if nothing had happened. Don't let it be said of you—

"He lives for himself, he thinks for himself, for himself and none beside; Just as if Jesus had never lived, As if He had never died."

Remember the day appointed for the Life Offerings is Sunday, May 16th.

Yours for the Flag and the People,
BRAMWELL BOOTH.
London, 21st March, 1918.

PRISONS AND HOSPITALS.

WILL ALL SALVATIONISTS THROUGHOUT THE TERRITORY WHO VISIT PUBLIC INSTITUTIONS, SUCH AS PRISONS, HOSPITALS, POOR HOUSES, ETC., WHO DO NOT REPORT THE SAME TO T. H. Q. WRITE TO MRS. READ, SECRETARY FOR THE LEAGUE OF MERCY WORK.

C. T. Jacobs,
Chief Secretary.

SIEGE CALL FOR CANDIDATES

Burning Appeals to Field Commissioner Miss Booth the Provincial Leaders Through

SOULS ARE PERISHING! LABORERS WANTED! URGENT

The Need the Call!

218 PITT ST., ST. JOHN, N.B.

My Dear Commissioner,

Before sailing for Bermuda I am writing you a line to say how delighted I am that you have arranged for "a four weeks' Candidates' boom" in your Siege effort.

In the East here we are much in need of real, blood-and-fire, all-ative men and women as Candidates. If we had twenty more officers we could at once place them on the Field. We must have them! The War needs them! God wants them!

There are many soldiers who could offer at once, with nothing to hinder them, if they would only put themselves, their friends and their all upon the altar of sacrifice and service.

I do hope the Eastern Province will not be behind in applications. God bless you much!

Yours, pushing the "Siege"

J. S. FUGMIRE,

PROVINCIAL OFFICER.

XX

CORNER MAIN ST. AND FONSECA AVE.,
WINNIPEG, MAN.

My Dear Commissioner,

I am very anxious to lay before you the great need that we have at the present time for officers. Could you supply me with twelve good officers at once, as I am ready to open about six places in Manitoba, North-West Territory, and North Dakota. The people of these places are crying out for us to open up, and are offering every inducement for us to send officers to their towns. I know that you are very much pressed at the present time, and I have no doubt but that there are applications coming in from other Provinces, but, if you can help us this time, I can assure you that the North-West Province will do their very best to go over their target in the Candidates' boom in connection with the present Siege.

Thanking you in anticipation, I remain,

Yours affectionately,

ALEX. McMILLAN,

PROVINCIAL OFFICER.

XX

WELLINGTON STREET,
HARRIE, ONT.

My Dear Commissioner,

Perhaps we were never more in need of Blood-washed, Holy-Ghost-baptized warriors of the Cross than at the present moment. I often wonder why it is that we cannot get as many men and women as we need, anxious to get God's power and wisdom, and then jump into the gaps left in our ranks by others falling out on account of home circumstances, failing health, etc.

It has always been difficult to get people to carry the cross. They see nothing but the cross, and forget the Crown and the "Well done."

How much longer will God bear with those who, seeing the golden grain of the Kingdom, and should gather it in, but stand idly by.

"Why stand you day? Go, work in my vineyard," He said, "Pray ye first of the harvest, that He may send forth workers."

During the day our prayers be answered.

Yours truly,

MINNICE,

CAPTAIN, SEC. COMMANDER.

CORNER AND ULSTER STS.,
TORONTO, ONT.

My Dear Commissioner,

The need here who will dare all for Christ and the Cause than ever, and on every hand the saving is retarded because of the lack of men and women who will go all for God and the Salvation Army in redemption of the people. What can be done?

I know that our corps there are a number of intelligent and capable soldiers who are officers, but somehow they hold back their lives are not being used to the best for God and a dying world. All are here are opportunities for extending the Kingdom, but because there is no one to send these people must go unheeded. Perhaps from your own pen may help many of these ought-to-be officers, to lay upon the altar for service, and say, "I need me!" God grant that they may do so quickly.

God bless you.

Yours for salvation,

HARGRAVE,

STAFF-CAPTAIN.

SQUARE, ST. JOHN, Nfld.

My Dear Commissioner,

I have been whatever I could say or do that would impress upon the hearts and minds of the young blood on the Island, more than some that I know would make some are holding back. If we could only launch out and be wholly God's, they would be to the War. A friend of mine the other day and asked if I was an officer to a certain place if the place barracks. Another officer wrote me they wanted to know if the Army would open fire in their church. Encouraging me to send an officer to a barracks. In the unsaved people have clubbed and would a barracks, and then asked for

Truly, the harvest are few. If you could any suggestion the young people to do them.

My Dear Commissioner,

Our blood is in need. We are in need of hearted Candidates to see the need, hence

Candidates who vary's hill.

Candidates who the damned, who, utter shrieks of agony.

Candidates who the interests of Him for many.

Fifty officers tomorrow, in this forthcoming.

At the present and the Klondike interesting part of dozen officers im-

thirsty souls.

Ten more could British Columbia the gold that perishes the Klondike.

Ten more could Kingdom of Grace tana, on mountain,

The wonderful lay claim to ten who, caring not for consciences of men's salvation.

The other eight sufficient, could be Washington State died for all.

After having pl armies of salvation white unto harvest fifty?

Who will say, They know the They know the Can you get so

Yours in

(Con-

Birthday.
RATION I
VES.

SIEGE CALL FOR CANDIDATES.

OFF TO T

BY THE

Burning Appeals to Field Commissioner Miss from the Provincial Leaders' Throughout the Territory

SOULS ARE PERISHING! LABORERS WANTED! OUGHT YOU TO APPLY?

The New the Call!

218 PITT ST., ST. JOHN, N. B.

My Dear Commissioner,

Before sailing for Bermuda I am writing you a line to say how delighted I am that you have arranged for "a four weeks' Candidates' boom" in your Siege effort.

In the East here we are much in need of real, blood-and-fire, all-alive men and women as Candidates. If we had twenty more officers we could at once place them on the Field. We must have them! The War needs them! God wants them! There are many soldiers who could offer at once, with nothing to hinder them, if they would only put themselves, their friends and their all upon the altar of sacrifice and service.

I do hope the Eastern Province will not be behind in applications. God bless you much!

Yours, pushing the "Siege"

J. S. PUGMIRE,
PROVINCIAL OFFICER.

CORNER MAIN ST. AND PONSECA AVE.,
WINNIPEG, MAN.

My Dear Commissioner,

I am very anxious to lay before you the great need that we have at the present time for officers. Could you supply me with twelve good officers at once, as I am ready to open about six places in Manitoba, North-West Territory, and North Dakota. The people of these places are crying out for us to open up, and are offering every inducement for us to send officers to their towns. I know that you are very much pressed at the present time, and I have no doubt but that there are applications coming in from other Provinces, but, if you can help us this time, I can assure you that the North-West Province will do their very best to go over their target in the Candidates' boom in connection with the present Siege.

Thanking you in anticipation, I remain,

Yours affectionately,

ALEX. McMILLAN,
PROVINCIAL OFFICER.

WELLINGTON STREET,
BARRE, ONT.

My Dear Commissioner,

Perhaps we were never more in need of Blood-washed, Holy-Ghost-baptized warriors of the Cross than at the present moment. I often wonder why it is that we cannot get as many men and women as we need, anxious to get God's power and wisdom, and then jump into the gaps left in our ranks by others falling out on account of home circumstances, failing health, etc.

It has always been difficult to get people to carry the cross. They see nothing but the cross, and forget the Crown and the "Well done."

How much longer will God bear with those who, seeing the golden grain of the Kingdom, and should gather it in, but stand idly by.

"Why should I say? Go, work in my vineyard," He said, "Pray ye that the harvest, that He may send laborers."

During the day our prayers be answered.

Yours truly,
MINNICE,
CAPTAIN, SEC. COMMANDER.

CHURCH AND ULSTER STS.,
TORONTO, ONT.

My Dear Commissioner,

The need here who will dare all for Christ and the Kingdom is retarded because of the many men and women who will go all for God and the Salvation Army in recognition of the people. What can be done?

I know that our corps there are a number of intelligent and capable soldiers who are officers, but somehow they hold back. Their lives are not being used to the glory of God and a dying world. All there are opportunities for extending our work, but because there is no one to send, the people must go unheeded. Perhaps from your own pen may help many of these ought-to-be officers, to lay upon the altar for service, and say, "I heard me." God grant that they may do it quickly.

God bless you,
Yours for his salvation,
HARGRAVE,
STAFF-CAPTAIN.

SQUARE, ST. JOHN'S, Nfld.

My Dear Commissioner,

I have been whatever I could say or do that would impress upon the hearts and minds of the young blood on the Island, more than I know would make them launch out and be wholly God's. They would be to the War. A friend of mine the other day and asked if I could send an officer to a certain place if the place was open fire in their church. They wanted to send an officer to a certain place. I have saved have built a barracks. In the barracks, and have asked for

Truly, the harvest is great but the laborers are few. If you could give me any hint or make any suggestion that would help me to get these young people to decide, I shall be glad to receive them.

Yours affectionately,
J. D. SHARP.

305 FERNWELL BLOCK,
SPokane, WASH.

My Dear Commissioner,

Our blood is really up. We are desperate. We are in need of one hundred live, whole-hearted Candidates at once, men and women who see the need, hence the call.

Candidates who are prepared to tread Calvary's hill.

Candidates who fear not the loss of all things.

Candidates who see and hear the groans of the damned, who, as they fall over the precipice, utter shrieks of agony and blank despair.

Candidates who, seeking not their own, but the interests of Him who gave His life a ransom for many.

Fifty officers could be placed in the Field tomorrow, in this Province alone, if they were forthcoming.

At the present moment all eyes are on Alaska and the Klondike of the North. This doubly interesting part of the country could do with a dozen officers immediately to minister to the thirsty souls.

Ten more could easily be planted in the British Columbia mountains, where the craze for the gold that perisheth is about as strong as at the Klondike.

Ten more could be used in building up the Kingdom of Grace throughout the State of Montana, on mountain, plain and valley.

The wonderfully fertile State of Idaho could lay claim to ten more of these fishers of men, who, caring not for difficulties, would storm the consciences of men and proclaim to all a present salvation.

The other eight, although this is really not sufficient, could be given positions at once through Washington State to tell the sinners that Christ died for all.

After having placed this fifty as leaders of the armies of salvation we could still look on fields white unto harvest. What can we do for the first fifty?

Who will say, Here am I, send me?
They know the inducement.—Matt. x.
They know the reward.—Matt. 19-29.
Can you get some responses?

Yours in the service of the lost,

W. J. TURNER.

(Continued on page 10.)

IN the North of England there lived an aged couple of Salvationists who had two sons. One was a good boy—a joy to his parents and the hope of their declining years. The other was a prodigal, living a profligate life away from home. To their great grief and disappointment the good boy died, and, as might have been expected, their hearts turned to the prodigal, for might he not take the place of his brother in caring for them in their old age? But there was no hope of his doing so unless he was converted, and for this event they prayed and longed with an unutterable desire.

While thus exercised, it seems that the thought was suggested to the old folks, "What if the lad does get saved and should then be wanted for an officer? He is a promising fellow, and it might be that he himself would desire that position!" But this idea was rejected. It could not be tolerated for a moment. It is true that they wanted him to be saved for his own sake and that he might be useful to others, but that which occupied their minds the most, when they contemplated his conversion, was the thought of his becoming a light in their little home, a comfort to their old hearts, and a barrier to the Workhouse when they were unable to toil any longer.

While praying, however, one day the old man was arrested by what—at all once—seemed the selfishness of his desires. It was revealed to him that he was seeking the salvation of the boy mainly for the gratification of his parents, against which selfish purpose his whole soul rebelled, and at the next holiness meeting he went out to the table and laid the boy on the altar, crying out, "Oh, Lord, You shall have him, body and soul, and I will thank You and then do what You like with him!" Within one month, at a neighboring town, the lad was laid hold of by the Spirit of God and converted, and in a Salvation Army pentecost form. Eighteen months afterwards we see him, as in our picture, off to the Training Home, his mother giving him her blessing and bidding him "farewell!"

Worthy of Imitation.

That offering of his son by the Father was a very real and very admirable. True, it was not on a level with the high Alpine peak of Abraham's proffered sacrifice, but it was on the same moral plane. It was the only boy. The sacrifice was deliberately presented; it was manifestly the outcome of simple faith, and that it was pleasing to God was demonstrated in a remarkable manner. The holy fire of conviction fell on the lad—he was brought to his senses, and to salvation, and to home; called to the war, accepted for it, and in it he is fighting to-day. From the beginning to the end—so far as we have gone, anyway—the offering of the old folks was a beautiful and divine transaction, and I heartily commend it to the consideration and imitation of those fathers and mothers in the Army who to-day are keeping back their children, instead of pushing them out for the war.

Thinking too Much.

And yet, as a sacrifice, I cannot, after all, quite bring myself to see that it was so far away beyond what of the people of the world—those whom we look down upon as poor, selfish creatures—are doing every day of their lives. Christian people—and we Salvationists among them—are, I fancy, often apt to greatly overestimate the value of the self-sentential we practice and the labors we perform. Do not the men of the world give their precious things to their gods? Nay, do they not give their very best? And, in doing so, do they not, in some respects, put us to shame?

A Glance Backwards.

Forty-seven years ago my mother—and she was a widow in peculiarly painful circumstances—gave me her best blessing, and bade me farewell as I went forth to make my way in London. I think I see her dear, tearful face while I write this, telling of the anguish she felt at the parting, and the anxious fears she could not repress for the future of her only son, amidst

CONSECRATION
Y.
OF.
reads this to do two
pray to God to show you
as you do. Ask Him.
ant to do His will. Very
y to Him to show you
Pray. Seek. Listen to
atch for the sign. Look
de-post pointing you on.
KE IT ALL PLAIN.
out sinners. Every day
May 15th, take a little
about sinners. Their
ul life they are living.
do. The good they might
y they bring. The death
to die. The Judgment
books. The Judge. The
about it all. Look a-
the agony sin makes in
and then try and realise
LL BE IN THE NEXT I
THINK of sinners and
for a Life!
eds men and women. It
things, but, OH, IT
ES more than all the
u doing with YOURS?
ficer and Sergeant, and,
r, every Soldier, interest
self in every one who
When a Nation is in
of a foreign invader,
rment has called up,
the Colors, all the abie-
go know how the man
go is regarded by the
ey say, "he loves him-
n the fatherland. He
more than country." All
ey him to go; even his
ill tell him she is sorry
name unless he goes to
as urge on those around
calling that they ought
Y HAS DIFFICULTIES
ADVICE, OR IS IN
NEEDS TO BE
WITE TO MISS BOOTH,
ARMY HEADQUAR-
NTO, AND SHE WILL
YOU GET GOOD AD-
do, settle something!
waiting for you, and so
is Heaven—yes, and so
go on as if nothing had
it let it be said of you—
himself, he thinks for
and none beside;
has had never lived,
never died."
he day appointed for the
is Sunday, May 15th.
Flag and the People,
BRAMWELL BOOTH,
March, 1898.

CALL FOR CANDIDATES.

to Field Commissioner Miss [redacted] the Provincial Leaders Throughout the Territory

PERISHING! LABORERS WANTED! OUGHT YOU TO APPLY?

The Need the Call!

218 Pitt St., St. John, N.B.

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rn Province will not be
God bless you much!
"the Siege"

J. S. PUGMIRE,
PROVINCIAL OFFICER.

ND FONSECA AVE.,
WINNIPEG, MAN.

lay before you the great
present time for officers.
with twelve good officers
open about six places in
Territory, and North
these places are crying
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ry m h pessed at the
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(Continued on page 10.)

OFF TO THE WAR!

BY THE GENERAL.

(See Frontispiece.)

IN the North of England there
lived an aged couple of Salva-
tionists who had two sons. One
was a good boy—a joy to his parents
and the hope of their declining years.
The other was a prodigal, living a
profligate life away from home. To
their great grief and disappointment
the good boy died, and, as might have
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the prodigal, for might he not take
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and a barrier to the Workhouse when
they were unable to toil any longer.

While praying, however, one day the
old man was arrested by what—all at
once—seemed the selfishness of his de-
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was seeking the salvation of the boy
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ents, against which selfish purpose his
whole soul rebelled, and at the next
morning meeting he went out to the
table and laid the boy on the altar,
crying out, "Oh, Lord, you shall have
him, body and soul; only save him,
and then do what you like with him!"
Within one month, at a neighboring
town, the lad was laid hold of by the
Spirit of God and converted at a Sal-
vation Army pentecost form. Eighteen
months afterwards we see him, as in
our picture, off to the Training Home,
his mother kissing him her blessing and
bidding him "Farewell!"

Worthy of Imitation.

That offering of his son by the Fa-
ther was very real and very admir-
able. True, it was not on a level with
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beautiful and divine transaction, and I
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mothers in the Army who to-day are
keeping back their children, instead
of pushing them out for the war.

Thinking too Much.

And yet, as a sacrifice, I cannot,
after all, quite bring myself to see
that it was so far away beyond what
of the people of the world—those whom
we look down upon as poor, selfish
creatures—are doing every day of their
lives. Christian people—and we Salva-
tionists among them—are, I fancy,
often apt to greatly overestimate the
value of the self-denial we practice
and the labors we perform. Do not the
men of the world give their precious
things to their gods? Nay, do they
not give their very best? And, in
doing so, do they not, in some respects,
put us to shame?

A Glance Backwards.

Forty-seven years ago my mother—
and she was a widow in peculiarly
painful circumstances—gave me her
best blessing, and bade me farewell! I
went forth to make my way in
London. I think I see her dear, tearful
face while I write this, telling of the
anguish she felt at the parting, and
the anxious fears she could not repress
for the future of her only son, amidst

the temptations and snares he was
likely to encounter in the great city.
But as to the suffering my going a-
way entailed on her, she reasoned,
"The boy must do something for his
future weal somewhere and somehow."
London appeared the providential spot
at the moment, and so, I believe with-
out a murmuring thought, she kissed
me and let me go.

The Danger of the Seas.

How many in America every
month send forth husbands and sons
to encounter the dangers of the ocean?
They have hearts that realize the sepa-
ration involved as fully, and they
feel it as keenly, as Salvation parents
can possibly do; but they say, "This
is our life—something must be done for
daily bread. Providence has marked
out this dangerous business for us,
and we must not shrink the fulfillment
of our duty."

All for Gold.

A gentleman residing in West Africa
was the other day enquiring why we
did not send out a Salvation force to
these regions, saying that he had seen
upon thousands of nominal Christians
were being year by year perverted and
swallowed up by the Mohammedans,
and describing what a splendid field
there was for the Army; to which I
replied by saying something about the
climate. "Yes," he responded, "the
climate is not all it might be, but
men go there to make money." He
might have added that where the
worldlings went for gold, the Salva-
tionists should be willing to go for
souls.

The Battleground.

Then there is the horrid trade of
war; for when all has been said in
its defence that can be said, it is a
horrid business. But do not parents
give up their sons, and women their
husbands, to take part in the slaughter
of their fellows, although they know
full well that to those husbands and
sons it most probably means sickness,
or imprisonment, or wounds, or death?
Talk about risks in a Salvation leader's
life compared with an officer in a
killing army—they are not to be com-
pared—and yet how uncomplainingly
the children of this world surrender
the best beloved of their families to the
business!

Was, Oh, War?

No! I cannot exactly understand
the hesitancy with which some of our
Salvationist fathers and mothers hold
back their sons and daughters from
Officership in the Salvation War, or
how their Sons and Daughters hold back
themselves. Is not the holding-back
spirit—the spirit which prevents a man
eagerly rushing to the battle's front—
nearly akin to the spirit which leads a
man to run away from it when they are
already there? Is it not other because
they have lost their first love or never
had very much love for anyone but
themselves?

Be Careful.

True, every Soldier is not called to be
an Officer; all are not led to, or con-
verted, to lead. Gifts and qualifi-
cations vary. Some are fitted by Nature
and Training and Grace to serve the
cause of Christ and advance the inter-
ests of the Army more effectually in
the work behind the scenes. But all
ought to be willing to fill the post if
wanted. Perfection is needed in this
respect when a soldier says, "Here I
am! Look at me! Measure my cap-
acity, examine my talents and put me
where you think I can be of the great-
est service to my Lord."

Or, on the other hand, a man should
measure himself and listen to the voice
of misery calling to him from without,
and the voice of the Holy Spirit calling
to him from within, and, being fully
persuaded in his own mind, strive for a
position to which he believes himself
called, and so go ahead to reach the
prize which Christ will give in the day
of His coming to all those who have
suffered and toiled for His sake.

How Can We Tell?

But when we come to reckoning up
what will be a pleasant and a profit-
able path for the future, who among
us can decide? The Prophet says, "It
is not in man that willeth to direct his
steps." He was right! In this respect
how often do we call good evil, and
evil good, for at the best we know not
what shall be on the morrow.

Our War Cry Warriors' Record.

Brigadier Bennett Leads the Hosts, but Pugmire Leads the Sales—East Ontario Growing Fearful, While Westerners are Confident.

TOTALS THIS WEEK: MUSTERS, 154; SALES, 7,162.

EAST ONTARIO.

Hustlers, 12. —	— Sales, 2,127.
Sergt. Mrs. Dudley, Ottawa	150
Ensign Walker, Belleville	150
Capt. L. Wilson, St. Johnsbury, Vt.	126
(av. 2 wks)	126
Capt. M. Hill, St. Albans, Vt.	126
Sergt. J. Verner, Ottawa	104
Capt. French, Renfrew	70
Capt. McCall, St. Albans, Vt.	70
Lieut. Dawson, Deseronto	66
Mrs. Brumble, Trenton	62
Lieut. N. Carter, Newport	62
Capt. N. McNamey, Newport	62
Maud Dine, Kingston	55
Sergt. Mrs. Barber, Kingston	55
Capt. Norman, Pembroke	43
Adj. Blackburn, Cornwall	50
Mrs. Adj. Blackburn, Cornwall	50
Mrs. Hamilton, Ottawa	40
Lieut. LaLond, Pembroke	40
Lieut. Owen, Brighton	38
Capt. Connors, Port Hope (av. 2 wks)	37
Mary Suddard, Kingston	37
Bro. Stone, Peterboro	35
Capt. Comstock, Deseronto	35
Sergt. Campbell, Renfrew	33
Mrs. Ensign Walker, Belleville	30
Sergt. Mattice, Cornwall	30
Capt. Williams, Port Hope (av. 2 wks)	27
Emma Watkins, Kingston	25
Maud Dine, Kingston	25
Adj. McAmmond, Kingston	25
Sergt. Douglas, Cornwall	25
Capt. Crego, Trenton	25
Mrs. Smith, Peterboro	24
Mrs. Green, Peterboro	23
Mrs. McNaney, Kingston	23
S. Dolphin, Kingston	23
Mrs. Adj. McAmmond, Kingston	22
Ethel Ferguson, Picton	22
Mrs. Sturmer, Picton	22
Sergt. Root, Belleville	20
Cand. M. Jake, Ottawa	20

EASTERN PROVINCE.

Hustlers, 37. —	— Sales, 2,411.
Capt. Horwood, Charlottetown	298
Capt. Jackson, Yarmouth	290
Lieut. Cowan, Halifax	163
Sergt. McQueen, North Sydney	110
Sergt. Venable, Esbury	110
Capt. Maggie Melkie, St. John	100
Lieut. Annie Hutt, St. Stephen	96
Adj. Alkenhead, Halifax	96
Lieut. Annie Martin, St. Stephen	90
Sergt.-Major Morrison, Glace Bay	84
J. S. Sergt. C. Vaughan, Charlottetown	82
Lieut. Clark, Windsor	76
Cadet Eliza Melkie, St. John	70
Sec. Ellis, Charlottetown	67
Sergt.-Major Morrison, Glace Bay	64
Sergt. S. Crane, Fredericton	63
Mrs. Ensign Creighton, Spring Hill	63
Capt. J. D. Clark, Fredericton	60
Bro. Webster, Windsor	60
Capt. Jennings, Chatham	59
Sergt. A. Lyons, Fredericton	44
Ensign Graham, Yarmouth	40
Sergt. Rogers, Windsor	40
Cadet Rachel Payne, St. John	40
Sergt. Read, St. John	40
Ensign Creighton, Spring Hill	40
Julia Soper, St. John	37
Lieut. Hudson, Chatham	35
Sergt. McDonald, Glace Bay (av. 2 wks)	32
Sergt. M. Pollock, Fredericton	30
Mrs. Pitt, Spring Hill	27
Mother England, Chatham	25
Minnie Smith, Windsor	25

THE EAST.

Brigadier Pugmire.] [Crys, 8,031.

EASTERN NOTES.

I have just accompanied Brigadier Pugmire and family and Adjutant Deseronto as far as Halifax on their way to the Bermudas. They go for an official visit and also for a much-needed rest for the Provincial Officer. We predict for them times of blessing and power, and sincerely hope the Brigadier will also be benefited physically.

The farewell meeting at No. 1 was an inspiring time. No. 2 and Dartmouth, as well as the officers of the Shelter and Rescue Home in the city were present. The writer was welcomed back to an old battleground and the "Bermuda Party" farewelled. Officers and soldiers pledged loyalty to God and the Flag during the absence of the Provincial Officers, and a man knelt at the Cross. Ensign Mil-

On the occasion to which I have referred I cannot doubt but that it was God's plan that I should go to London. That step was, so to speak, the second round of the ladder up which I climbed to the position of opportunity which, by the grace of God, I now occupy.

My Mother was ignorant of the future, or perhaps she would not have wept at the separation. My own eyes were withheld also, or doubtless I should not have fretted and longed for my country home as I did for the first few months I spent in the City. I was in the path of duty, and I went, and the harvest has been beyond my computation. My Comrades, seek to come into the plan of God. Yield yourselves up living sacrifices to the doing of the will of God as He shall make it plain, and

All will be well.

EAST ONTARIO.

Brigadier Bennett.] [Crys, 5,562.

Port Hope.—We are still going forward. Since last report three precious souls have sought and found their Saviour. Hallelujah! Victory is our motto.—Williams and Connors.

Belleville.—We have had the Bloomfield officers with us for a social good crowd and a good time. Twenty-eight to kneel-drill Sunday morning. Grand meetings all day. One prodigal came home—he walked twelve miles to get saved.—Ensign and Mrs. Walker.

Newport, Vt.—We are still interested in your dear old pages, though we have been silent for some time. The two packages disappear weekly. Debt devil is out of sight, and we are encouraged to fight all the rest of the devil in the strength of our King. Three souls have found peace.—Lieutenant Carter, N. McNaney, Captain.

Napanee.—Thursday evening special meeting. Adjutant and Mrs. McAmmond, of Kingston, were in attendance. The Adjutant and his wife won the hearts of the people at first sight. Their singing and speaking was greatly appreciated. God bless them richly. We shall be happy to welcome them again soon.—Yours in the war, Ida E. H., Reg. Cor.

Montreal, I.—We are still having victory by the help of God. Souls are getting saved. Our converts are coming to the front and getting into uniform. Sunday night Captain Maidment and Captain Vance were with us. We had a blessed time and our souls came to God and got saved. Hallelujah! Captain Vance was a soldier here and we were all glad to see her. May God bless and give victory.—Sergeant Goodale, Reg. Cor.

Brighton.—Since last report we have had six captures. Sunday's battle was a God-glorifying time. Kneel-drill broke all previous records, and the best of all was two for salvation. At night two comrades were enrolled under the Blood and Fire Flag. When the prayer meeting began we felt that God was working, and before we closed we had the joy of seeing three backsliders at the Mercy Seat. Total, five for the day. Hallelujah!—Hallelujah Welshman.

Peterboro.—Thursday night we had a very nice song service. Sunday, God was in our midst all day. We felt His presence very near. One of our comrades said when he heard the drum he couldn't stay away from the holiness meeting. He had to come, and he testified to the way he got his soul blessed in coming. At the close eight souls laid their all on the altar. Hallelujah! Blessed times in the afternoon and night meetings. Praise God.—Sergeant May Lane.

Deseronto.—Still looking to the hills from whence cometh our help. Good spirit in meetings. The latest, a "musical mixture"—over 60 choruses and solos without intermission. Interest never lagged, but increasing more and more as the singing went on. "When will they stop?" Wait and see." Interest still increasing till the last chorus is finished. Everybody delighted. Beautiful spirit and the best of order all through, crowd remaining for the prayer meeting.—McIntyre.

St. Albans, Vt.—The String Band has again come and gone. At Saturday night's meeting a good crowd gathered to hear the Band and Brigadier Bennett, and the crowds increased all day Sunday. This was the Brigadier's first visit, and he was made a blessing to all as were all of the Band. Two souls knelt at the Cross and claimed pardon and one came out for holiness. Captain McColl, of the Band, was left to help carry on the work here, and we are all going on to greater victories.—A. C. Brower, Sergeant-Major.

comrades at all the corps who have stood by the Flag through thick and thin, and are to-day bright, happy and useful Salvationists.

I am now on the train hurrying along to Provincial Headquarters, where a pile of work awaits me during the absence of the Provincial Officer, but through God we shall conquer. I have just passed Truro, where the officers met me at the depot and informed me of the return to the field of an old-time warrior who will again take his stand at the front of the battle. We are going on to win.—T. H. Collier.

Halifax II.—The Lord is blessing our lads here. Souls are getting saved. All the soldiers are in for victory. Mrs. Adjutant Dowell and Captain Margie Ebbsay gave us a helping hand the past week. The power of God was strongly felt in our meetings on Sunday, and two souls came to the Cross.—Ensign Ebbsay and Captain Green.

Moncton.—On Sunday night Ensign Edwards delivered an address to young people, at the close of which four young men came on and gave their souls to the Saviour. Monday night the meeting was led by Mrs. Edwards, and four others started for heaven.—J. M. Hayman, Captain.

Halifax I.—On Thursday night we had Brigadier Pugmire and family and Major Collier with us. His crowd was one soul. The Brigadier and family are on their way to Bermuda. Also the Brigadier dedicated the infant child of Ensign and Mrs. Miller. Major Collier led the meeting on Friday night. Three souls and on Sunday five souls for the day. Praise God.—Treasurer Cashin.

Glace Bay.—On Friday night we had our first meeting at our outpost, Dominion No. 1. Notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather we had a big crowd. Friends of the army gave us a cordial welcome to Dominion. We are now reinforced by Brother J. Cameron and Brother Curnew, from New Glasgow. With us are good musicians, and with the other comrades who play for Jesus we have a baby brass band at Glace Bay. Souls, souls is what we want. Lord, help us to get them.—L. Penny, Ensign.

Woodstock, N. B.—The week's warfare in brief has been as follows: Sunday, funeral of our dear comrade, James Finnamore, large attendance at services in barracks and at grave. Monday, census meeting. Tuesday, somewhat out of the rut, a census meeting. Wednesday, soldiers' meeting. Ensign Pugh talked of the summer war in the open-air camp stools, a musical brigade, etc. Thursday, Adjutant Creighton, from Fredericton, blessed us all. Friday, the Adjutant gave a sketch of his career before conversion. Wound up with a maple candy feed. Saturday, an unusual free-and-easy meeting with three sisters in the Fountain. Hallelujah!—E. S.

St. Stephen, N. B.—We are having some real good meetings. Praise the dear Lord. Since last report we were much helped by a visit from our worthy District. Crowds good. Big Creighton and wife. Everyone glad to see them, and hope they will come again soon. We mean to fight for Jesus. Yours in the battle, Annie Hutt, Lieutenant.

St. Stephen.—Victory through the Blood, is our battle cry. Prayer and faith is bringing the glory down. Mrs. Creighton with us all day Sunday, also a minister on the platform in the afternoon. It was a day of refreshing to those who were there.—Lieutenant A. Martin.

South Ontario Section.

Staff-Captain Hargrave.] [Crys, 2,290.

Temple.—Sunday, good day all day. Good meetings, interest increasing. Band all day, rendered good service up till the last. Crowds good. Big open-air and big marches. One soul at night.

Social Farm.—We have had a lively week. Monday, lecture on "Holiness." Wednesday, magic lantern service by Captain Cummins. Thursday, lecture on "Work." Sunday afternoon the independence of the Farm corps was started by a collection of \$1. At night three backsliders slid into the Fountain. Praise God.—Chas. C. Gooda.

Social Farm.—Wednesday night we had Captain Stollker in Indian costume, describing the customs of India, and Salvation Army work among the natives. Sunday afternoon one brother came to the fold, and testified in the evening meeting that God had forgiven him.—Chas. C. Gooda.

THE WEST.

Brigadier Pugmire.] [Crys, 8,031.

EASTERN NOTES.

I have just accompanied Brigadier Pugmire and family and Adjutant Deseronto as far as Halifax on their way to the Bermudas. They go for an official visit and also for a much-needed rest for the Provincial Officer. We predict for them times of blessing and power, and sincerely hope the Brigadier will also be benefited physically.

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Friday was announced as a special holiness meeting. The rain came in torrents, but there was a nice crowd present and three sought cleansing for which we give Jesus all the glory. Adjutant Alkenhead reports several souls on Sunday.

Saturday night it rained again. We were at Halifax II. for the night. We had a good crowd in spite of the weather, and a number of comrades testified to God's keeping power since the writer farewelled seven years ago. A young woman who had never sought God before volunteered for salvation.

I spent Sunday at Dartmouth, where we had a nice time from kneel-drill till the final night. Several were deeply convicted, but we could not persuade any to yield to the claims of God. Ensign and Mrs. Miller and Ensign Beckwith rendered valuable assistance in the meetings here.

One pleasing feature of my visit to this old battleground of seven years ago, was the great number of old

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NEWFOUNDLAND.

TOUGH FIGHTING AT ST. JOHN'S
III, N.S.

Knee-drill and holiness meeting proved a source of strength to us. It was there God came to us. The afternoon as we gathered together for the meeting everything seemed discouraging. The people would not come to the barracks. Hundreds of citizens high and low were wending their way to a Mount called Signal Hill, a mile out of the city. We knew there was but one thing left for us to do, that was to go to them if they would not come to us. We formed up in line, eight in all, and marched with flying colors to the Mount, took our stand in the midst of the people. We told them, as they were aware, it was on a Mount where Christ preached, that never to be forgotten sermon, and that we had also come to the Mount to tell them He still lives and waits to save them from their sins. Then came the dear old song "We are bound for the land of the pure and holy." Prayers followed, then the War Cry was announced, a number said the collection was followed by a solo from Cadet Richards, "Come, sinners, behold what Jesus has done." Chorus. "They crucified Him, they nailed Him to the tree." Then a crowd of youths came round and tried to upset us by throwing snow balls with stones in them. Many of the people received blows as well as us. Brother Newhook got his lip cut, which caused the blood to flow freely. Cadet Hickman and Richards received hard blows in the face and eyes, which for some time kept them blind in one eye, but like Nelson they made good use of the other. This is the first meeting on this mount, but not likely to be the last. My word, those Cadets, although females, about the size of a man, and they are of the proper stamp, and if they did not say in word, Mr. Editor, they did in action that they would rather go into the Kingdom of heaven having only one eye, than to be cast into hell with two. They are anxious to go again next Sunday.—J. Gosling, for the Cadets.

On Thursday night we had an address to young people of which four women came to the meeting. On Friday night the Sunday School, and four from heaven.—J. M. Hay.

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when Mrs. Adjutant Stanyon appeared on the scene, although not quite so big as the Major, yet her weight with the Major's knocked me completely out, and Wilkins was floored. Then I thought that discretion was the better part of valor, but it won't be the last time the Commissioner will visit St. John's. The meeting cleared \$13.40 for the Klondike Fund. Everything went beautifully. One was disappointed—only those who came too late to get in, and some of those were hanging half in and the other half out of the windows. To God be all the glory.—A. Wilkins, Captain.

Libson, N. D.—We are still pressing onward with the sword of God in hand. Captain and Mrs. Westcott arrived to help on the war. One soul in the Fountain. Praise God.—Corra Russell.

Brandon, N. D.—Thursday night Ensign Branham said good-bye and left on the midnight train for Regina. Meetings good all day on Sunday. A dear little girl came out and gave herself unreservedly to Jesus. Our new converts are getting along nicely. To God be all the glory.—Trifloria.

Moose Jaw, N. W. T.—Ensign Bob Smith with us for three meetings. One sister volunteered. On Sunday night we had a blessed time when two more knelt at the Mercy Seat. God bless the sisters. Your humble servant danced a little jig, and the Captain almost got the victory. We are going in to do greater things for God.—Yours to fight, Tom Scott, for Reg. Cor.

THE PACIFIC.

Brigadier Howell.] [Crys, 3,485.

Rosman, Mont.—Since last report we have said good-bye to our former officers and welcomed our new ones. God bless them. We believe they are the right stuff. Interest high, crowds increasing. War Cry read out. Everything on the up grade.—A soldier.

North Ontario Section.

Staff-Captain Minnick.] [Crys, 2,262.

Sudbury.—War! War!! War!!! Comrades desperate. We won't give in. A sister forward, Victory!—N. R. T.

Feverish.—God is richly blessing us here in Feverish, and we are expecting great things in the near future.—Yours for His service, T. B.

Orillia.—It's some time since you heard from this corps. Well, we are not dead nor dying. We are all alive. This corps is the best of good cases. Going right in. More to follow.—Yours to win, J. Slater, Captain.

Midland.—Received my orders for Midland three weeks ago. On reaching here find the people know how to make one feel at home. Three souls in the past two weeks, all doing well. To God we give the glory.—Lieutenant Crego.

WEST ONTARIO.

Major Southall.] [Crys, 5,282.

Guelph.—Last Thursday night special meeting led by our District Officer, Adjutant Archibald. Three recruits enrolled. No visible results of Sunday's meetings, but praying and believing that God will save.—Jennie Sole.

Listowel.—Since last report we have been "moving on." We have not fallen a victim to the "spring fever," so the chariot wheels into a "rut." Hal-lelujah! Yesterday we wound up jolly happy with two seniors and four juniors in the band. Fred Burton, Captain, Fred Gatzke, Lieutenant.

London.—We had a good week-end. Soldiers fought well. One old gentleman, 78 years of age sought and found God at the 7 o'clock knee-drill. He had never been saved before. At night two more, after a hard struggle, got set free. Praise God! We are marching on. Our Great Captain leads us on to victory.—Yours, T. Coombs, Adjutant.

Blenheim.—One who was under conviction Sunday night came out Tuesday night and got saved. Thursday we had our new District Officer, Adjutant Hughes, with us. His introductory speech brought the house down. The lesson was Zacchaeus and was aptly illustrated. All say, come again, Adjutant.—Ina Groom, R.S.G. C.

MY JOURNAL.

BY THE GENERAL.

NOW FOR BOSTON

Thursday, April 7th.
I was a long and tiring day's ride from Rochester to the city of Boston, but the train came at last, and at 9:15 a.m. I stepped into the station, outside which a platform had been erected, where an enormous crowd of excited people had congregated, who shouted and sang, and hurrahed, and burned their red fires, and gave utterance in every form they could conceive of, to their joy at seeing the General.

The Mayor, His Honor Josiah Quincy, a gentleman of goodly appearance and generous sympathies, was to welcome and present me with the freedom of the city. It was long before the collection of the 3,000 to 4,000 people allowed him to proceed, but when sufficient quietness had been obtained, he discharged his duty in a very gentlemanly manner. I followed, remarking that I had been enquiring how I could be made an American without ceasing to be an Englishman, but that I thought that Boston had solved the problem, and being a citizen of the city I could not be far from being a subject of the nation. I told them what was nothing more than the simple truth, how glad I was to see them again.

GOOD FRIDAY.

April 8th.
At 10:30 officers' meeting. A beautiful, earnest and willing people.

8:00. The welcome in the Tremont Temple. This is a fine building and we had a fine meeting in it. The Governor of the State of Massachusetts presided, while the Mayor made a strong speech in support of the Army afterwards. Everything was of the most enthusiastic character. I was not the freest and easiest subject of the nation. I told them what was nothing more than the simple truth, how glad I was to see them again.

The reports in the Press. I am informed, are, without exception, excellent.

Saturday, April 9th.
3:00. Addressed the students of Harvard University. America has many seats of learning on which her sons have expended immense sums of money. Some of them are as yet very young, and although they are very rapidly to the front, are, as yet, not very well known outside this country. Harvard and Yale are noble institutions, and have a worldwide reputation. The time of my visit was unfortunate. It was Saturday afternoon—always a bad time for a Seminary, and being Easter a number of students were away with their friends. We had only about 500 present out of the 2,500 who are students. Professor Peabody, the Principal of the University, presided. I tried to deal faithfully with my audience, and enjoyed the meeting. Judging by the applause, I think the bulk of my hearers did the same.

8:00. An excellent soldiers' meeting.

EASTER SUNDAY—THE MECHANICS' HALL.

April 10th.
10:30. The Mechanics' Hall is an immense affair, too large for anything but free and easy speech. I looked in on the previous day and literally gasped at the prospect of having to make three addresses to the crowds expected within its walls. However, the task had to be discharged.

9:00. The crowd is already gathering.

12:30. I am on the platform with my favorite song, "Cleansing for me."

11:30. I have commenced my address, a few dissenting notes, the audience are rising and passing out. What is the reason, I call out, can I be heard? Some answer one thing and some another—all very indistinct, but conveying the idea that I am not loud enough, whereupon I pitched my voice in a louder key, and nobody else moves. My text is, "For this purpose was the Son of God manifested, that He might destroy the works of the devil."

11:45. I invite any who want the works of the devil to be destroyed out of their hearts to come to the front—and ask everybody to pray.

11:50. Silence reigns—and is broken by the footsteps of a man on the sawdust floor, who marches up and throws himself at the Mercy Seat. Here is No. 1 for the day!

12:45. The number has been made into 38 for the first meeting.

3:00. We had three times as many people—an immense crowd. The word ran like fire, and 21 responded.

8:00. More people still. I have seldom felt more conscious of the presence of my Master. The people felt it too, and 30 acknowledged it at the penitential form—making 44 for the day.

It was a memorable day, being not only the anniversary of the resurrection of my Master, but of the day in which I came into the world. It was my 60th birthday. From all parts of the world messages assured me of the undying love, and loyalty of comrades, but nothing gave me greater pleasure than to know that it was still my happy privilege to be the means of bringing lost sinners to God. I retired to rest that night after one of the hardest day's work of a lifetime, weary in, but not weary of, the work of God.

Monday, April 11th.

10:30. Ministers' meeting in the Lorimer Hall. 600 present. At the close a resolution expressing the appreciation and approval of my talk, and conveying the thanks of all present for its blessing, was unanimously passed, and thereby closed my Boston campaign. It has been no little harm by my coming on the holiday time, but taken all in all it has been one of the happiest and I hope most useful of my life. GOD BLESS BOSTON!

PHILADELPHIA.

Monday, April 11th.

6:00 p.m. Left Boston at 6 in the evening, arriving at Philadelphia at 12:30 the following morning. This city has a population of about a million souls, growing continually; is full of churches and organizations contemplating the moral and spiritual welfare of the people. These are, after all, very nearly on a level in these respects with other places of similar proportions.

Tuesday, April 12th.

8:00. First meeting in the Academy of Music. An admirably-proportioned and beautifully-decorated building, with an immense area, and three galleries, full in every part. The Mayor was prevented presiding by sickness, and his place was taken by Rev. Dr. Chapin, a minister of the city, and said to be one of the most popular ministers in the United States. On the platform were many other leading men. We had what appeared to me to be a magnificent meeting. Everything was carried away with enthusiasm, and I think Bishop Grant in a few eloquent words at the close expressed the feelings of the crowd.

Wednesday, April 13th.

We had three meetings—two in the hall of the Young Men's Christian Association, and one in the same building as the previous evening. They were excellent for congregations, for influence, for power, and for results. 127 came to the penitential form for the day, one of the last of whom was the prodigal son of a popular English minister, who fell down properly broken up, and was, I hope, soundly converted to God.

Thursday, April 14th.

The Commander is sick with his old enemy, Indian Fever. This is rather awkward, and more so, as it looks like a severe and lengthened bout. We are commending him to God.

10:30 a.m. Pastors' meeting. Over 200 of the leading ministers of the city were present. I talked to them out of my heart as usual, and the words were received in the spirit in which they were intended, and at the close nearly every man in the place shook hands with me, and thanked me for the inspiration my address had been to them.

2:00 p.m. Once more on the train. Officers and soldiers and leading citizens bid us farewell, and with tears and prayers and hallelujahs we steamed out of the depot.

Friday, April 15th.

After seventeen hours' journey we arrived in Troy at 7:30 a.m. Spent the day in correspondence and preparation for the New York campaign.

8:00. Floods of rain had been falling all day, which interfered, doubtless, with our audience, still we had a good crowd and a good meeting.

11:00. We are again on board the train, bound this time for Buffalo.

(To be Continued.)

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The Lord is blessing us
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people of which four
women came to the
meeting. On Saturday night
the Sunday School, and
four from heaven.—J. M. Hay.

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all the corps who have
flag through thick and
day bright, happy and
mists.

on the train hurrying
vintages. Headquarters
work awaits me during
the Provincial Officer.
and we shall conquer. I
need Thuro, where the
at the front of the bat-
talion on to win.—T. H.

The Lord is blessing us
souls are getting saved.
are in for victory. Mrs.
and Captain Magie are
a helping hand the
the power of God was
our meetings on Sun-
days came to the Cross
y and Captain Green.

Sunday night Ensign
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SIEGE CALL FOR CANDIDATES.

(Continued from Pages 6 and 7.)

209 Commissioner Street,
Montreal, P. Q.

My Dear Commissioner:—

We are in the greatest possible need of officers in this Province, and if you are able to send us thirty or forty right away, we should have no difficulty in appointing the same. Several corps are under-officered at the present time and the general cry is, send more help.

There are several fine towns that I propose opening, where a glorious soul-saving work could, and would, be done, and good corps could be established, but through the great lack of officers we are unable to attack these places, and the devil is leading many souls to ruin and death, a crowd of whom would be saved if only we had the officers to advance with, and take the strongholds of sin.

Amongst the soldiery of this Province, there are many young men and women with health and ability, and who would make fine officers if they would only consecrate their lives to God for the salvation of poor dying humanity. My soul covets them for the work's sake, and I am praying that the month of May will be the time when they shall launch forth into the Salvation war, for a life of soul-saving. I more than ever feel that the need is the call, and before all other things the command of our blessed Saviour stands forth in words that cannot be erased, "Seek ye first the Kingdom of God," and the most effective way of doing this is by leading souls to the Cross.

It is over fifteen years since I put the principle of my life and future into the Salvation Army as an officer. God has given me good interest, and a great crowd of souls have been saved and brought into the Kingdom. If I had a thousand lives I would gladly give them to the service of my God and poor lost souls.

The fields are white unto harvest, and I pray that the Lord will send forth more laborers in the shape of Candidates.

God bless you.

Yours for God and souls,

H. BENNETT, P. O.

Provincial Headquarters,
Clarence St., London, Ont.

My Dear Commissioner:—

Re Siege.—This has proven a splendid triumph, and out of the new material enlisted we should get—and shall, I believe—some Blood-and-Fire young men and women, who, with sanctified grit and intelligence, will rally at the trumpet's call, and go forth to do even more efficient service than the heroes or heroines who were made instrumental in their salvation. A call from yourself will meet with a splendid response I am confident.

One District Officer writes that out of one of his corps there are ten or twelve about to make application as Candidates.

Yours for the War,
SOUTHALL.

The Klondike contingent got a good photograph taken in "Klondike rig" at Winnipeg.

Any woman in sorrow or perplexity desiring help and counsel, write to Mrs. Read, Salvation Temple.

To Toronto friends. Any friends having sewing or laundry work they would like done, write to Major Stewart, 305 Yonge St., or telephone 3258.

The following is an instance of the duality of the English language. It is taken from Major Friedrich's Klondike report. "The only sad incident of the journey to Peterboro was that Ensign Welch and little Willie warred against the laws of gravity and disunion with disastrous results to their equanimity." (Mem.—In other words, they were train sick.—Ed.)

A Wild Western Boy.

CHAPTER III.

JAIL-BREAKING AND PIE-STEALING

While in D—, where Jerry had lately domiciled himself, he was one evening slowly sauntering to his lodging house when two constables approached him, arrested him and locked him in jail on the charge of theft. The situation was rather embarrassing to our man, therefore he made at once a careful investigation of the lock-up, which was rather an unsafe prison for dangerous characters, especially men who could pick locks like Jerry. In the small hours of the night he broke jail and made his way to a tawdry house, awakened that august personage rather rudely out of his slumbers.

"I want you to hear my case, which is very urgent, and then tell me whether you can get me out," replied Jerry to the query of the surprised lawyer as to his business. He at once proceeded to relate his case, finishing up with:

"I broke jail to-night, but won't go back unless you can guarantee me that you will get me free."

"Your case is too clear to give you any hopes of acquittal, my man," said the lawyer; so Jerry decided to run no chances, and without delay he turned his back on D— and made a bee-line for the International Boundary.

After a weary day's tramp in the New England States he found himself once more in the town of Q—, where he took lodgings in a stable near to a hotel. Early in the morning he felt the pangs of hunger. He had not fared well the previous day and it was now 4 a.m. on a cold winter's morning. Through the cracks of the stable he saw the cook in the basement kitchen taking a fine lot of pies from the oven and placing them in the adjoining pantry near a window that opened toward a yard. He soon had the pantry door been shut by the cook than Jerry crept close to the pantry window, cautiously opened it and helped himself to a number of the pies. He does not remember with how many of these mysterious compositions he taxed his digestive apparatus, but he has some recollection of leaving a little pile of empty plates on the ground as he lastly slunk away like a gorged animal.

Jerry found work in that same town and, I presume, to appease his conscience took lodgings in the same hotel whose pantry he had robbed of the triumphs of the cook's art. During the six months that he spent under that roof he often heard the story of the mysterious disappearance of those pies, but he never revealed his knowledge of how it was done.

"I had inherited brutal thoughts from my father, who was a very brutal man," said Jerry. "Once he hit me with the hammer on the head, and not only stunned me, but also nearly finished my young career." As a consequence brutal thoughts often suggested themselves to him, and on many occasions he yielded to them. The devil will always work on the lines of predisposition and of least resistance. Once yielded, the suggestions crowd faster into our thoughts and bend them toward darkness. It is a fearful illustration of "He that commiteth sin is the servant of sin."

On one occasion he quarrelled with a woman, and in his rage struck her down and

Left Her for Dead.

When he saw her stretched out on the floor all the hounds of fear seemed to set on him, and he fled aimlessly through the city. Pale, haggard, trembling and wretched he entered a restaurant in the morning, not so much to eat his breakfast then as to read the newspaper without arousing suspicion. He turned over the pages with unsteady hand and his nervous eyes glanced with feverish haste over the columns to find an account of the murder, and to see whether any suspicion was attached to his name. Fortunately the woman was not killed, and she did not cause any police inquiry.

(To be Continued.)

The New York War Cry "cracks up" "Love Did It," and reprints Staff-Captain Asgale Cowan's poem, "Greater Love."

Captain Bloss, of the Klondike contingent, writes: "Klondike Cry just to hand with our photos in. They are arranged beautifully. The boys think the Cry A 1."

Coming Events

MISS BOOTH

AND THE Klondike Expedition

AT
Victoria, Thursday, May 12.

COLONEL JACOBS, Chief Secretary,
assisted by
BRIGADIER MARGOTTE.

PETERBORO, Saturday and Sunday,
May 14th and 15th.

COLONEL JACOBS,
WITH HEADQUARTERS STAFF.

YORKVILLE, Thursday, May 12th.
REVERSDIE, Thursday, May 19th.

Mrs Brigadier Booth's Campaign in
Eastern Provinces.

Woodstock, Wednesday, June 1;
Fredericton, Thursday and Friday,
June 2, 3; St. John, N. B., Saturday,
Sunday and Monday, June 4, 5, 6;
Moncton, Tuesday and Wednesday,
June 7, 8; Amherst, Thursday, June 9;
Spring Hill, Friday, June 10; Halifax,
Saturday, Sunday and Monday, June
11, 12, 13; Dartmouth, Tuesday, June
14; Windsor, Wednesday, June 15;
Truro, Thursday, June 16; New Glas-
gow, Friday, June 17; North Sydney,
Saturday and Sunday, June 18, 19;
Sydney, Monday, June 20.

Brigadier Compin, assisted by Ensign
Kenning,
will visit

THE TEMPLE, Sunday, May 15.

Ensign Kenning.

FENELON FALLS, Saturday - and
Sunday, May 21, 22.
LINDSAY, Monday, May 23.

BRIGADIER and MRS. GASKIN
will visit

BRAMPTON, May 14th and 15th.

STAFF-CAPTAIN MINNIE

will visit

the following corps and conduct special
meetings: Newmarket, May 18; Aurora,
May 19; Lindsay, May 21 to 23; Fenelon
Falls, May 20; Sudbury, June 4, 5; Little
Current, June 6, 7; North Bay, June 8;
Ahmic Harbor, June 9; Parry Sound,
June 10; Huntsville, June 11, 12; Colling-
wood, June 13 to 17.

NOTE.—Mrs. Staff-Captain Minnie will
accompany at all these meetings except
Newmarket and Aurora.

Captain Welch will assist at Graven-
hurst and Lindsay, and will also have a
trade stand for the sale of Headquarters'
merchandise.

Adjutant Byers will accompany at
Newmarket and Aurora.

G. B. M. Prov. Agents' Appointments.

ENSIGN SIMS.—Odessa, May 17;
Napamie, May 18, 19; Deseronto, May
20, 21, 22; Picton, May 23, 24; Bloom-
field, May 25; Trenton, May 26, 27;
Brimley, May 28, 29; Cobourg, May
30, 31; Port Hope, June 1; Millbrook,
June 2, 3; Peterboro, June 4, 5, 6;
Lakeland, June 7.

CAPTAIN COLLIER (Corrected
tour)—Clinton, May 11-13; Senarich,
May 14; Bayfield, May 20; Goderich,
May 21, 22; Wingham, May 23; Tees-
water, May 24; Wexford, May 25;
Brussels, May 26; Listowel, May 27;
Falmington, May 28, 29; Clifford, May
30; Walkerton, May 31; Drayton, June
1; Rothesay, June 2; Guelph, June 3;
Hensler, June 4, 5, 6; Preston, June
7; Galt, June 8.

ADJUTANT HAY.—Red Bluff, May
12; Sheridan, May 14, 15, 16; Billings,
May 17, 18; Livingston, May 20, 21, 22;
Helena, May 23, 24; Great Falls, May
25, 26; Kalispell, May 28, 29; Spokane,
May 30.

ENSIGN PERRY.—St. John I, May
12; St. John III, May 13; Fairville, May
14, 15; St. John V, May 16; St. John
VI, May 17; Hillsboro, May 18; Sussex,
May 19, 20; Freeport, May 21, 22, 23;
Tiverton, May 24; Clark's Harbor,
May 27.

MISS BOOTH

AND

Klondike Contingent

FASCINATE, ENTHUSE AND INSPIRE
BUTTE CITY,

Despite Raging Snow Storm and Wild
War Agitation.

BY WIRE.

Field Commissioner with the
Klondikers arrived at Butte
amidst raging snow storm,
which continued over Sunday,
City wild over war despatches.
Troops preparing to leave for
front. Nevertheless, Commis-
sioner's meetings huge success.

Auditorium crowded. Great
interest manifested. Commis-
sioner gave fiery address at
night; threw spiritual shot and
shell, while war despatches were
received from outside. Much
excitement. Commissioner held
crowd. Eight souls. Press ex-
ceptionally kind; gave us col-
umns of reports. Open-airs
blocked streets. People and
party delighted.

BRIGADIER HOWELL

Field Commissioner's tri-
umphant tour increases in in-
terest. Miss Booth in Rags on
Monday night. Glorious suc-
cess. First Presbyterian Church
gorged; aisles filled; crowds
turned away. Excellent impres-
sion made. Entire congregation
greatly affected. Total collec-
tion, \$260.00.

BRIGADIER HOWELL

BRIGADIER AND MRS. PUGMIRE IN
BERMUDA.

HARVEST RECEPTION.

Tremendous Enthusiasm—Sixty-One
Souls—Splendid Collections.

(Special.)

BRIGADIER and Mrs. Pugmire in
Bermuda. Glorious reception.
Crowds at the wharf to greet
Provincial Officers. Tremendous soul-
saving meetings. Sixty-one already at
the Mercy Seat for first five days, and
many more. Sunday, at Hamilton,
\$100 collections. Sunday, at kneed-
drill. Huge crowds. 52 in the Foun-
tain. We are marching on to St. George's,
Somerset and Southampton. Fol-
lowing reports to follow.—Brigadier Pug-
mire.

WANTED.—A home for a bright lit-
tle boy three years of age, who is
homeless through the death of his
father. For particulars write Mrs.
Read, B. A. Temple.

Helps

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ENTHUSE AND INSPIRE
BUTTE CITY,

ing Snow Storm and Wild
War Agitation.

BY WIRE.

Commissioner with the
arrived at Butte
ing snow storm,
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BRIGADIER HOWELL

Commissioner's try-
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night. Glorious suc-
Presbyterian Church
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Entire congregation
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BRIGADIER HOWELL

AND MRS. PUGMIRE IN
BERMUDA.

LAST ABORPTION.

Mathusalem—Sixty-One
splendid Collections.

(Special.)

R and Mrs. Pugmire in
Glorious reception,
at the wharf to greet
heers. Tremendous soul-
egs. Sixty-one already at
at for first five days, and
s. Sunday, at Hamilton,
phant day, 138 at knee-
crowds. 52 in the Foun-
marching on to St. Geo-
and Southampton. Pug-
follow.—Brigadier Pug-

A home for a bright lit-
years of age, who is
ough the death of his
particulars write Mrs.
Temple.

Helps for J. S. Workers.

THE RULER'S DAUGHTER AND THE SICK WOMAN.

Mark v. 23-43.

THE narrative recorded here is very familiar and easy to picture, hence it is very important that the teaching and truth underlying the history be made clear and plain. Jesus had just passed over the Sea of Galilee, from the country of the Gadarenes, where He had cast the unclean spirits out of the man who dwelt among the tombs, and no sooner is He ashore than one of the rulers of the synagogue, Jairus by name, came to Him, fell at His feet, and

Besought Him Greatly

to come and lay His hand upon his little sick daughter, that she might be healed. There are one or two points of interest here concerning the character of Jesus, when must not be overlooked:

(a) In going to help one suferer, He paused to help another. Verse 25.
(b) He never grew weary of helping and blessing mankind.

(c) He improved the time by acts of love and mercy. Moments were too precious to be wasted.

How anxious Jairus was that Jesus should come at once; his tears were a great deal that he is afraid his child will die. His faith is tremulous, and he wanted to have Jesus touch his daughter.

While this is passing, a poor woman in her last extremity seeks Jesus. Everything had failed to bring the cure she had been seeking. Doctors pronounced her incurable, and she was getting worse. She hears of the fame of Jesus, and determines that if she can get through that crowd she will touch the hem of His garment, believing that she will be made whole.

Christ wanted to teach them the lesson of faith. We can well imagine how Jairus would feel when Jesus paused to find out who had touched Him.

Every Moment Involved Life or Death.

The hindrance caused by this poor woman prepared Jairus to trust Jesus, and was an evidence to those in the crowd of His universal sympathy.

The difficulties of the woman were very great, but the great need she was in caused her to put aside her timidity. Necessity knows no law.

She Broke Down Every Barrier.

Her touch was a confiding touch. She flung herself upon the Almighty, and this last Helper, and she is rewarded. In a moment He has healed what all others had failed to do. What is Jesus asking? Verse 30. He has turned round. His eye is upon her. Nah. 4, 7. She fell down before Him and openly confessed all. Jesus called her out to make her understand that it was not because she had touched His garment that she was made whole, but that her faith had touched His power and love. She went away whole of her plague.

We Now Return to Jairus.

Messengers have brought the sad news that the child had died. When Jesus heard this He said, "Be not afraid, only believe." It makes no difference to Him whether the child is dead or alive. When He arrived at the house the mourners were already there. See II Chron. xxxv, 25, and Jer. ix, 17-20. Now He stands by the bed. There the lifeless body—here its Maker and Redeemer. He speaks. She rises and walks. They were astonished.

He Commanded Them to Give Her Something to Eat.

The miracle stopped at raising to life, for God never does for any man what he can do for himself. Where man's power ends the power of God begins.

There is need of the same power of God to-day to work miracles. The boys and girls who attend the company meetings should be made to feel that spiritually they are dead, and only in Jesus can they be made whole. No moral reformation is of any avail. The only life is in the heart, but Christ is as ready and able to help now as He was then. Strive to lead the children into the truth, and help their faith by giving some illustrations of the power of God to save.

Memory Text.

"All things are possible to him that believeth."

Now Glasgow comrades are about to make a new barracks.

THE WAR CRY.

SONGS OF SURRENDER AND CONSECRATION.

In View of the Cross.

Tunes.—Faith's ascent (B.J. 55, 1); Come, comrades dear (S.B. 9); Willoughby (B.J. 169, 1); Praise (B.J. 132, 1).

1 I gaze upon Thy sacred Cross,
And with Thee suffer every loss,
And lose my life in God.
Lord, cleanse me now from inbred sin,
And keep me, by Thy power within,
Forever 'neath the Blood.

I want Thy holy presence here,
To cast out doubt, and self, and fear,
And save me from my sin.
Too long the evil mastered me,
O blessed Lord, now set me free,
And make me clean within.

My hours and moments shall be Thine,
Naught that I have now call I mine;
All, all to Thee I give!
My present and my future life
Are Thine for toil and sacrifice,
For Thee alone I'll live.

Blessed Choice.

Tune.—With panting heart (B.J. 6).

2 O happy day that fixed my choice
On Thee, my Saviour and my God!
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its raptures all abroad.

O happy bond that seals my vows
To Him who merits all my love!
Let cheerful anthems fill His house,
While to that sacred shrine I move.

'Tis done, the great transaction's done,
I am the Lord's and He is mine;
He drew me, and I followed on,
Charmed to confess His voice Divine.

Now rest, my long-divided heart;
Fixed on this blissful centre, rest;
Nor ever from Thy Lord depart,
With Him of every good possessed.

High heaven, that heard the solemn vow,
That vow renewed shall daily hear,
Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear.

Constrained by His Love.

Tune.—'Twas His dying love (M.S. V. 182).

3 'Twas His dying love for me on the Cross of Calvary,
'Twas the dying love of Jesus,
'Twas His dying love set me free.

Chorus.

Only Jesus I will know,
Only Jesus I will know,
'Twas His dying love to me,
Broke my heart and set me free.

When He hung upon the tree, in grief and agony,
When I heard Him cry, "Tis finished,"
then I knew He died for me.

Even now I feel Him near, and His presence me doth cheer,
For amidst the clouds and darkness, blessed Jesus, He is near.

When death's shady vale is nigh, and I have to say good-bye,
I shall have no fear to meet Him, I shall reign with Him on high.

Remember the Judgment Day.

Tune.—Prepare me (B.J. 2).

4 Your garments must be white as snow,
Prepare to meet your God!
For to His throne you'll have to go;
Prepare to meet your God!

Chorus.

Prepare me, prepare me, Lord!
Prepare me to stand before Thy throne.

Get washed from every stain of sin;
You must God's great salvation win;
Prepare to meet your God!

Prepare me now, prepare me here,
To stand before Thy throne;
That I, without a doubt or fear,
May stand before Thy throne.

Lord, cleanse my heart and make me pure,
To stand before Thy throne;
My pride, and self, and temper cure,
To stand before Thy throne.

Now is the Day of Salvation.

Tune.—Would you know why I love Jesus?

5 Sinner, won't you come to Jesus—
He so long has called for thee?
In the precious crimson Fountain
You can now find liberty.

Chorus.

Come just now, while Jesus calls you—
Come with all your load of sin;
He will free you of your burden,
Give you joy and peace within.

Think how much the Saviour suffered,
When He died on Calvary!
Yet how patiently He bore it,
That the world might be set free.

Sinner, make a start for heaven—
Never mind how bad you've been;
If you come in true repentance,
Jesus Christ will take you in.

Wanderer, Come Home!

Tunes.—Blessed Jesus (B.J. 45, 3); Calcutta (B.J. 23, 2); Out on the ocean (B.J. 227, 2).

6 You have left your Father's dwelling,
Far away in sin you roam;
Prodigal, your heart is swelling,
When you think of those at home.

Oh, remember,
God, your Father, whispers "Come!"

Prodigal, come back to Jesus,
Leave the land of doubt and sin,
All the past will be forgiven,
Jesus waits to take you in.

He will welcome,
He will wash and make you clean.
Look! the Father waits to bring you
To His heart and love again;
Runs to meet you in compassion,
Waits to wash away the stain.

Come to meet Him,
He will banish all your pain.

CONSECRATION SOLO.

I Will Follow Jesus.

Tune.—I'll follow Thee (B.J. 145).

I heard a voice so softly calling,
"Take up thy cross and follow Me!"

A tempest on my heart was falling,
A living cross this was to be,
I struggled wearily,
No other light my eyes could see.

Chorus.

I'll follow Thee, of life the Giver,
I'll follow Thee, suffering Redeemer,
I'll follow Thee, my Jesus never,
By Thy grace I'll follow Thee.

The world was cold, and vain its pleasure;
My weary heart saw all was drear;
It heaped on me its smiles with measure.

I looked, to find each leaf was near;
And sick, and weary, heaven laden,
I dreamt I saw my help was near.

I saw the poor, the maimed, the lowly,
Look unto Jesus, look and live;
I felt a wish to be made holy,
I knew that He would me forgive;
I stood afar, I hastened onward,
I heard His voice, "My peace I'll give."

St. Albans, Vt.—Saturday and Sunday we had with us Staff-Captain Rawlings. Meetings good. Times of blessing to all present. Many sinners saw their state of sin, and they will we believe, soon be brought to the fold of Christ. Lord increase our faith.—M. HUI.

LOANS! LOANS! LOANS!

ANY PERSON HAVING MONEY TO INVEST would do well to write to Testimonial Headquarters for information. We can offer most reliable security with interest for large or small sums. Full particulars can be had from STAFF-CAPTAIN SHERBORN, E. A. Temple, Toronto.

THE WORLD'S HIGHWAY.

To those who think of travelling to the

OLD COUNTRY, we would like to call special attention to the fact that we can secure tickets for all the CANADIAN STEAMSHIP LINES, on very favorable terms. For full particulars apply to STAFF-CAPTAIN SHERBORN, E. A. Temple, Toronto.



To Parents, Relations and Friends:—

We will search for missing or runaway relatives in any part of the globe; befriend, or assist, if possible, wronged, women or children, or any person in difficulty. Address, COMMIS- SIONER EVA BOOTH, 16 Albert St., Toronto, Canada, and mark inquiry on the envelope.

If possible, send fifty cents to defray a part of the expenses. We will be glad if our Officers, Soldiers and Friends will look through the Missing Column regularly, and if they see any cases which they could help us with, we would be pleased if they would do so.

3022. THOMAS MCCAWBERY. Late of Lisbon, Ireland. Age about 25. Left Ireland in 1882 for New York. Thought to have gone to Canada. Address whereabouts to S. A. Inquiry, Toronto.

3023. JOSEPH LISMORE. Was discharged from the Royal Marines. Last heard of in Esquimaux. Address whereabouts to S. A. Inquiry, Toronto.

3024. GEORGE CHILPOT. Last known address 11 Maple St., London, Ont. Will hear something to his advantage. Address, Inquiry, Toronto.

3025. DANIEL RUFF. Last known address was Philip station, Hanlugh P. O., Norfolk Co., Wingham, Ont., where he was employed in a cheese factory. Address, Inquiry, Toronto.

3026. JOSEPH MOONEY. Who left St. John's, Newfoundland, in 1869. When last heard of was in London, Eng. Address whereabouts to 4 Brazil Square, St. John's, Newfoundland, or Inquiry, Toronto.

3028. NELSON HENRY MUIR. Thirteen years since he went away from Innisfield, near Barrie, Ont. Age 37, medium height, sandy complexion, Auburn hair. Was in the lumber business at Saginaw about 13 years ago. Is thought to be somewhere in the States. Mother much concerned. Any person who can give any information as to his whereabouts any time during the thirteen years, kindly address Inquiry, Toronto.

3064. THOMAS STUBBS. An Englishman. Tall, dark, and a little deaf. About 40 years of age. His wife and family are very anxious about him and are in want. Address, Inquiry, Toronto.

3012. ANDREW J. ORMOND. Last heard of in Glencoe, Ont. Dark complexion, dark eyes, quite bald, scar on cheek, age about 52, Englishman. When leaving Glencoe spoke of going to Winnipeg, Man. Address, S. A. Inquiry, Toronto.

3013. MICHAEL or JOHN WOODS. Formerly from Canada, last heard from in Brooklyn, New York. By making his whereabouts known will be to his advantage. Address, S. A. Inquiry, Toronto.

3015. MICHAEL, PATSEY and JOHN REEDY. Left Waterford, Ireland, for New Brunswick. Patsey and Michael were farmers, and would be now nearly 60 years of age. Address, S. A. Inquiry, Toronto.

2063. THOMAS or JAMES KANE. Left Bondsigen, County Derry, Ireland, about 35 years ago for Cincinnati, Ohio. The daughter of Samuel Kane is anxious to hear from him. Address, Inquiry, Toronto.

In the last twenty-five years the average woman's life has increased from nearly forty-two to nearly forty-six years.

Nine months' solitary confinement will, doctors state, produce melancholia, suicidal mania and loss of reason.

The Norwegian law prohibits a person from spending more than twopence halfpenny at one visit to a public house.

In the little German principality of Waldeck a decree has been passed proclaiming that a license to marry will not be granted to any person in the habit of getting drunk.

Diamond Dust.

WHEN YOU MISS THE MARK,
SATAN LITS.

WINES FROM THE WOOD ARE
WHINES IN THE BUD.

THE MAN WHO PRAYS MOST
GENERALLY GETS MOST PRAISE.

THE DOOR OF THE HEAVENLY
HOME HAS ITS PORTAL ON
EARTH.

DON'T SAY YOU FIND RELIGION
SWEET UNLESS YOU FIND SIN
BITTER.

A PRAYERLESS CHRISTIAN
SOON BECOMES A CARELESS
CHRISTIAN.

RELIGION WOULD GO FARTHER
IF FATHERS WOULD GO WITH
RELIGION.

SPELLING GOD WITH A CAPITAL
G DOES NOT MAKE YOU A CHRIST-
IAN.

KEEP IN THE NARROW WAYS
OR YOU MAY SOON GET IN A
NARROW MAZE.

A SWIFT FOOT DOES NOT AVAIL
THE MAN WHO IS FLEEING FROM
HIMSELF.

IF YOU STAND MUCH AT THE
BAR YOU MAY PRESENTLY
STAND IN THE DOCK.

YOU MAY PRAY FOR EVERY-
THING YOU WANT, BUT YOU
NEED NOT WANT EVERYTHING.

BEFORE YOU GO TO THE HOUSE
OF GOD, GO FIRST TO THE GOD
OF THE HOUSE.

THE MAN WHO NEEDS MERCY
MOST IS THE MAN WHO HAS NO
MERCY ON HIMSELF.

SALVATION MAKES THE SLAVE
A KING, BUT THE WANT OF IT
MAKES THE KING A SLAVE.

GRIEF SOMETIMES DRIVES A
MAN TO DRINK, BUT DRINK AL-
WAYS DRINGS A MAN TO GRIEF.

NOTHING COMPENSATES FOR
THE LOSS OF GOD, BUT GOD COM-
PENSATES FOR THE LOSS OF ALL.

CHRIST IS THE LIGHT OF THE
WORLD. SO DON'T DRAW DOWN
YOUR BLINDS AND REMAIN IN
DARKNESS.

CHRIST GAVE UP A CROWN TO
SAVE MEN; BUT MANY A MAN
GIVES UP CHRIST TO SAVE HALF-
A-CROWN.

FREETHINKERS ARE THOSE
WHO HOLD THEMSELVES FREE
NOT TO THINK AT ALL.

A CHRISTIAN OUGHT TO WEAR
THE KIND OF FACE THAT WOULD
BE WORTH GOING TWO MILES TO
SEE.

THE MAN WHO APOLOGISES
FOR HIS CHRISTIANITY IS BUT A
POOR APOLOGY FOR A CHRIST-
IAN.

IF YOU VALUE YOUR SOUL AT
NOTHING, GOD MAY TAKE YOU
AT YOUR OWN VALUATION.

Ensign Adams, formerly of Territorial
Headquarters, has been suddenly called
home to the bedside of his brother, who
is sinking rapidly. The Ensign has the
sympathy of his comrades.

The Ram's Horn of April 23rd, de-
votes a page to a sketch of Brigadier
Alice Lewis, Consul Mrs. Booth-
Tucker's Secretary.

A Call to the Battle's Front.

BY COMMANDANT H. H. BOOTH.

HAVE you heard the voice of weeping,
Have you heard the wail of woe,
Have you seen the fearful reaping
Of a soul that sinks below?
Rouse then, who by Christ are freed,
Heed, oh! heed the world's great need;
To save the lost like Him who saved you,
Forward speed.



THE PARTING OF THE WAYS—WHICH WILL THEY TAKE?

At the Altar for Lives many of our Soldiers will be brought to a point in their spiritual lives when they will either have to be Obedient or Disobedient. The Way of Obedience is healthy, useful and straight. The Way of Disobedience is swampy, foggy, long and dangerous, for from it many wander into the Road to Hell.

—The British War Cry.

In the darkest hour remember
Him who on the Cross has died,
So that every captive's fetter
Might be broken, cast aside.
Grip your weapons, soldiers brave,
Forward, dying souls to save,
Fight on, until in every land
Your colors wave.

An Ex-Officer's Lament and Warning.

ADJUTANT COOMBS, in charge of
the London corps, has had the
following handed to him by one
who forsook the light, and her Lord,
but who is now restored to His favor,
although it is impossible she should be
restored to the service she once oc-
cupied.

She wants her words of heartfelt
warning to be the means of preventing
any others falling into her disastrous
error.

"My heart yearns for the welfare and
safety of the Salvation Army officers.
What a precious work is theirs! What
a privilege to be winning souls for God,
comforting the sorrowing, and being

at liberty to go at their Master's
bidding. Other Christians often have
weights hindering them from doing the
good they feel prompted to do, some
are hindered by an unsaved husband,
others by many cares at home, but
an officer in the Salvation Army is
free to go when Christ says "Go," and
come when He says "Come." It is
truly a glorious calling, but how
many, alas, have misused it! How very
many have felt the direct call from
God to go into the world and preach
the Gospel! they have even said, "Yes,
Lord, I will follow Thee wheresoever
Thou leadest"—have meant it—and
have run well for a time—but by-and-
bye, like Peter, have denied their Lord
and Master, stepped down from the
place God called them to, having been
persuaded that they could take it easy
and yet serve God just as well.

Perhaps someone has come along
and offered them a good home, which
they have accepted, choosing ease in-
stead of the self-sacrificing life God
would have them lead. They have
chosen the path of roses instead of
thorns. It all looked so well, and
things went so smoothly for a time,
but when it was too late they found
they had made a mistake. The fair
appearances were deceptive, and they
have realized when the priviledge was
lost, that through their own fault they
have missed one of the greatest call-
ings man or woman could be privileged
with.

But, dear comrades, you who feel
you have made this mistake, come
back to God and lay your all on the
altar again. God will accept you
though you have grieved Him. He is
willing to receive you even as the
Father did the Prodigal Son. Begin
now to do what you can for God. Al-
though you cannot regain the position
you have lost, you can serve God in
your present circumstances, and make
the best of them, although you have
woven a net around your feet. God
says, "Return, ye backsliding chil-
dren, I will heal your backslidings and
love you freely."

Just a word to you who are fighting
as officers in the great Salvation Army.
Be true. If God has called you there
to fight for Him, do not let anyone
persuade you to give up the fight. I
know you meet with many discourag-
ements—I was one with you once—look
to God from whence cometh your
strength. Don't let the devil persuade
you that your health is failing, and
that you can serve God just as well in
the rank and file. If God called you
into the work, He is not going to call
you out again, I do not think—although
I do believe many think they are called
into the work, but are not, and there-
fore, do not become successful unless
—but you whom God has blessed, and
who have proved that the call has
been direct from God, stick to it. If
your health is failing, look to Him for
strength. He has promised that as
our days, so our strength shall be.
Live with an eye single to His glory
and He will sustain you.

Hundreds of officers have started
and did run well for a time, but in the
hour of trial, God's testing time, they
failed. Go to them, ask them if they
are contented and happy, if they
speak the truth the majority will say
"No." My dear comrades, I know
whereof I speak, for I have experienced
the same. I did not appreciate God's
Divine presence and smile until I lost
it, and, oh, the moments of sadness
and despair! What would I not give
to-day if I had followed God all the
way, but alas, it is too late now. I
have woven a net around my feet I
cannot break loose from.

Again I say, be true. Do not leave
the position God has called you to for
anything. If you do, you will certainly
lose by it.

Thank God I am saved to-day, and
determined to make the best of my
circumstances. I say to myself, "I
redeem the time I have lost." Me-
thinks no. I will be that much time
short of glory when I get home. Oh,
I do pray that these few lines may be
the means of saving some poor com-
rade who is about giving up the fight.
From one who has experienced it all—
An Ex-Officer.

The busiest telephone exchange in
the world is in Chicago. It is the
Washington Street Exchange, where
the daily average is 180,000 messages.

"Tell me," said a friend, suddenly,
to the late Lord Tennyson, "What do
you think of Jesus Christ?" The poet
pointed to a flower growing close by.
What the sun is to that flower, Jesus
Christ is to me."

Out of one million persons, 900 die
from old age, 1,200 from gout, 18,400
from measles, 27,000 from apoplexy,
7,000 from erysipelas, 7,500 from con-
sumption, 48,000 from scarlet fever,
25,000 from whooping cough, 30,000 from
typhoid and typhus, and 7,000 from
rheumatism.

The Japanese are fond of bathing.

In the city Tokio there are 800 public
bath-houses in which a person can
take a bath for a sum equal to one cent. Most of the Jap-
anese prefer warm baths, and very
likely this is the reason why their
complexions are usually clear and spot-
less.

THE WAR CRY, Official Gazette of
the Salvation Army, published by
John M. C. Horn, S. A. Printing
House, 12 Albert Street, Toronto.



HE battle
heavy and
crash without
the reckless reas-
that won the day.
Of how many
conquered on the
such been said
clatter of steel
thrust or swift-
the genius of at-
must be at risk
was desperation
Each soldier,
plunging charger